

238 d 2

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FIRST.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY H. GOLDNEY;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND
SON, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW,
J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY, T. CADELL,
J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY, T. EVANS,
G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT,
J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH, W. RICHARDSON,
T. VERNOR, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT, W. OTRIDGE, T. AND
J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAULDER, J. EDWARDS, G. AND
T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD
AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERRY. 1790.



THE
FORTY-FIRST VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
SOMERVILE
AND
SAVAGE.

VOL. XLI.

2



S
R
In
T
M
O
T

S O M E R V I L E ' S

P O E M S.

F A B L E XIV.

T H E F O R T U N E - H U N T E R .

“ Fortuna sævo læta negotio, &
“ Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
“ Transmutat incertos honores.” Hor.

C A N T O I.

SOME authors, more abstruse than wise,
Friendship confine to stricter ties,
Require exact conformity,
In person, age, and quality;
Their humours, principles, and wit,
Must, like exchequer tallies, hit.
Others, less scrupulous, opine
That hands and hearts in love may join,

VOL. XLI.

B

Though

Though different inclinations sway,
 For Nature's more in fault than they.
 Whoe'er would sift this point more fully,
 May read St. Evremond and Tully;
 With me the doctrine shall prevail
 That's *à propos* to form my tale.

Two brethren (whether twins or no
 Imports not very much to know)
 Together bred; as fam'd their love
 As Leda's brats begot by Jove:
 As various too their tempers were;
 That brisk, and frolick, debonair;
 This more considerate and severe.
 While Bob, with diligence would pore
 And con by heart his battle-door,
 Frank play'd at romps with John the groom,
 Or switch'd his hobby round the room.
 The striplings now too bulky grown,
 To make dirt-pies, and lounge at home,
 With aching hearts to school are sent,
 Their humours still of various bent:
 The silent, serious, solid boy,
 Came on apace, was daddy's joy,
 Construed, and pars'd, and said his part,
 And got *Quæ-genus* all by heart.
 While Franky, that unlucky rogue,
 Fell in with every whim in vogue,
 Valued not Lilly of a straw,
 A rook at chuck, a dab at taw.

His bum was often brush'd, you'll say,
 'Tis true, now twice, then thrice a day:
 So leeches at the breech are fed,
 To cure vertigos in the head.

But, by your leave, good doctor Freind,
 Let me this maxim recommend;

"A genius can't be forc'd;" nor can
 You make an ape an alderman:

The patch-work doublet well may suit,
 But how would furs become the brute?

In short, the case is very plain,
 When maggots once are in the brain,
 Whole loads of birch are spent in vain.

Now to pursue this hopeful pair
 To Oxford, and the Lord knows where,
 Would take more ink than I can spare.

Nor shall I here minutely score
 The volumes Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,
 The laundresses turn'd up by Frank,
 With many a strange diverting prank;
 'Twould jade my Muse, though better fed,
 And kept in body-cloaths and bread,

When bristles on each chin began
 To sprout, the promise of a man,
 The good old gentleman expir'd,
 And decently to Heaven retir'd:
 The brethren, at their country seat,
 Enjoy'd a pleasant, snug retreat;
 Their cellars and their barns well stor'd,
 And plenty smoaking on their board:

4 SOMERVILLE'S POEMS.

Ale and tobacco for the vicar,
 For gentry sometimes better liquor.
 Judicious Bob had read all o'er
 Each weighty stay'd philosopher,
 And therefore rightly understood
 The real from th' apparent good;
 Substantial blifs, intrinsic joys,
 From bustle, vanity, and noise;
 Could his own happiness create,
 And bring his mind to his estate:
 Liv'd in the same calm, easy round,
 His judgment clear, his body sound;
 Good humour, probity, and sense,
 Repaid with peace and indolence:
 While rakish Frank, whose active soul
 No bounds, no principle control,
 Flies o'er the world where pleasure calls,
 To races, masquerades, and balls;
 At random roves, now here, now there,
 Drinks with the gay, and toasts the fair.
 As when the full-fed resty steed
 Breaks from his groom, he flies with speed;
 His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,
 Upon his back his tail he bears,
 His main upon his shoulders curls,
 O'er every precipice he whirls,
 He plunges in the cooling tides,
 He laves his shining pamper'd sides,
 He snuffs the females on the plain,
 And to his joy he springs amain,

To

To this, to that, impetuous flies,
Nor can the stud his lust suffice;
Till nature flags, his vigour spent,
With drooping tail, and nerves unbent,
The humble beast returns content,
Waits tamely at the stable door,
As tractable as e'er before.

}

This was exactly Franky's case;
When blood ran high he liv'd apace;
But pockets drain'd, and every vein,
Look'd filly, and came home again.
At length extravagance and vice,
Whoring and drinking, box and dice,
Sunk his exchequer; cares intrude,
And duns grow troublesome and rude.
What measures shall poor Franky take
To manage wisely the last stake,
With some few pieces in his purse,
And half a dozen brats at nurse?
Pensive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,
Now bit his nails, then scratch'd his head,
At last resolv'd: Resolv'd! on what?
There's not a penny to be got;
The question now remains alone,
Whether 'tis best to hang or drown.
Thank you for that, good friendly devil!
You're very courteous, very civil;
Other expedients may be try'd,
The man is young, the world is wide,

6 SOMERVILE'S POEMS.

And, as judicious authors say,
 " Every dog shall have his day ;"
 What if we ramble for a while ?
 Seek Fortune out, and court her smile,
 Act every part in life to win her,
 First try the saint, and then the sinner ;
 Press boldly on ; slighted, pursue ;
 Repuls'd, again the charge renew ;
 Give her no rest, attend, intreat,
 And stick at nothing to be great.
 Fir'd with these thoughts, the youth grew vain,
 Look'd on the country with disdain ;
 Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,
 And dream a lazy life away ;
 Thinks poverty the greatest sin,
 And walks on thorns till he begin :
 But first before his brother laid
 The hopeful scheme, and begg'd his aid.
 Kind Bob was much abash'd, to see
 His brother in extremity,
 Reduc'd to rags for want of thought,
 A beggar, and not worth a groat.
 He griev'd full sore, gave good advice,
 Quoted his authors grave and wise,
 All who with wholesome morals treat us,
 Old Seneca and Epictetus.
 What 's my unhappy brother doing ?
 Whither rambling ? whom pursuing
 An idle, tricking, giddy jade,
 A phantom, and a fleeting shade ;

Grasp'd

Grasp'd in this coxcomb's arms a while,
The false jilt fawns, then a fond smile;
On that she leers, he like the rest
Is soon a bubble and a jest;
But live with me, just to thyself,
And scorn the bitch, and all her pelf;
Fortune's ador'd by fools alone,
The wise man always makes his own.
But 'tis, alas! in vain t' apply
Fine sayings and philosophy,
Where a poor youth's o'erheated brain,
Is sold to interest and gain,
And pride and fierce ambition reign.
Bob found it so, nor did he strive
To work the nail that would not drive;
Content to do the best he could,
And as became his brotherhood,
Gave him what money he could spare,
And kindly paid his old arrear,
Bought him his equipage and cloaths,
So thus supply'd away he goes,
For London town he mounts, as gay
As tailors on their wedding-day.

Not many miles upon the road,
A widow's stately mansion stood;
What if dame Fortune should be there?
(Said Frank) 'tis ten to one, I swear:
I'll try to find her in the crowd,
She loves the wealthy and the proud.

3 SOMERVILE'S POEMS.

Away he spurs, and at the door
 Stood gallant gentry many a score,
 Penelope had never more.
 Here tortur'd cats-gut squeals amain,
 Guittars in softer notes complain,
 And lutes reveal the lover's pain.
 Frank, with a careless, easy mien,
 Sung her a song, and was let in.
 The rest with envy burst, to see
 The stranger's odd felicity.
 Low bow'd the footman at the stairs,
 The gentleman at top appears:
 And is your lady, sir, at home?
 Pray walk into the drawing-room.
 But here my Muse is too well bred,
 To prattle what was done or said;
 She lik'd the youth, his dress, his face,
 His calves, his back, and every grace:
 Supper was serv'd, and down they sit,
 Much meat, good wine, some little wit.
 The grace-cup drunk, or dance, or play;
 Frank chose the last, was very gay,
 Had the good luck the board to strip,
 And punted to her ladyship.
 The clock strikes one, the gentry bow'd,
 Each to his own apartment show'd;
 But Franky was in piteous mood,
 Slept not a wink; he raves, he dies,
 Smit with her jointure and her eyes.

Restless

Restless as in a lion's den,
He sprawl'd and kick'd about till ten:
But, as he dreamt of future joys,
His ear was startled with a noise,
Six trumpets and a kettle-drum;
Up in a hurry flies the groom,
Lord, sir! get dress'd, the colonel's come:
Your horse is ready at the door,
You may reach Uxbridge, sir, by four.
Poor Franky must in haste remove,
With disappointment vex'd, and love;
To dirt abandon'd, and despair,
For lace and feather won the fair.

}

Now for the town he jogs apace,
With leaky boots and sun-burnt face;
And, leaving Acton in his rear,
Began to breathe sulphureous air.
Arriv'd at length, the table spread,
Three bottles drunk, he reels to bed.
Next morn his busy thoughts begun,
To rise and travel with the sun;
Whims heap'd on whims his head turn'd round,
But how dame Fortune might be found,
Was the momentous grand affair,
His secret wish, his only care.
Damme, thought Franky to himself,
I'll find this giddy wandering elf;
I'll hunt her out in every quarter,
Till she bestow the staff or garter:

I'll

I'll visit good Lord Sunderland,
 Who keeps the jilt at his command;
 Or else some courteous dutchess may
 Take pity on a runaway.
 Dress'd to a pink, to court he flies,
 At this levee, and that, he plies;
 Bows in his rank, an humble slave,
 And meanly fawns on every knave;
 With maids of honour learns to chat,
 Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.
 Fortune he sought from place to place,
 She led him still a wild-goose chase;
 Always prepar'd with some excuse,
 The hopeful youngker to amuse;
 Was busy, indispos'd, was gone
 To Hampton-court, or Kensington;
 And, after all her wiles and dodgings,
 She slipp'd clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings.
 Jaded, and almost in despair,
 A gamester whisper'd in his ear;
 Who would seek Fortune, sir, at court?
 At H—l's is her chief resort;
 'Tis there her midnight hours she spends,
 Is very gracious to her friends;
 Shows honest men the means of thriving,
 The best, good-natur'd Goddess living.
 Away he trudges with his rook,
 Throws many a main, is bit, is broke;
 With dirty knuckles, aching head,
 Disconsolate he sneaks to bed.

C A N T O II.

HOW humble, and how complaisant,
Is a proud man reduc'd to want!
With what a silly, hanging face,
He bears his unforeseen disgrace!
His spirits flag, his pulse beats low,
The Gods, and all the world his foe;
To thriving knaves a ridicule,
A butt to every wealthy fool.
For where is courage, wit, or sense,
When a poor rake has lost his pence?
Let all the learn'd say what they can,
'Tis ready money makes the man;
Commands respect wheree'er we go,
And gives a grace to all we do.
With such reflections Frank distress'd,
The horrors of his soul express'd:
Contempt, the basket, and a gaol,
By turns his restless mind assail;
Aghast the dismal scene he flies,
And death grows pleasing in his eyes:
For since his rhino was all flown,
To the last solitary crown,
Who would not, like a Roman, dare
To leave that world he could not share?
The pistol on his table lay,
And Death fled hovering o'er his prey;

There

32 SOMERVILE'S POEMS.

There wanted nothing now to do,
 But touch the trigger, and adieu.
 As he was saying some short prayers,
 He heard a wheezing on the stairs,
 And looking out, his aunt appears;
 Who from Moorfields, breathless and lame,
 To see her graceless godson came:
 The salutations being past,
 Coughing, and out of wind, at last
 In his great chair she took her place,
 How does your brother? is my niece
 Well marry'd? when will Robin settle?
 He answer'd all things to a tittle;
 Gave such content in every part,
 He gain'd the good old beldam's heart.
 "Godson, said she, alas! I know
 "Matters with you are but so-so:
 "You're come to town, I understand,
 "To make your fortune out of hand;
 "Your time and patrimony lost,
 "To beg a place, or buy a post.
 "Believe me, godson, I'm your friend;
 "Of this great town, this wicked end
 "Is ripe for judgment; Satan's seat,
 "The sink of sin, and hell compleat.
 "In every street of trulls a troop,
 "And every cook-wench wears a hoop;
 "Sodom was less deform'd with vice,
 "Lewdness of all kinds, cards and dice."

Frank

Frank blush'd (which, by the way, was more
Than ever he had done before);

And own'd it was a wretched place,
Unfit for any child of grace.

The good old aunt o'erjoy'd to see
These glimmerings of sanctity;

"My dear, said she, this purse is yours,

"It cost me many painful hours;

"Take it, improve it, and become

"By art and industry a plumb.

"But leave, for shame, this impious street,

"All over mark'd with cloven feet;

"In our more holy quarter live,

"Where both your soul and stock may thrive;

"Where righteous citizens repair,

"And heaven and earth the godly share,

"Gain this by jobbing, that by prayer.

"At Jonathan's go smoke a pipe,

"Look very serious, dine on tripe;

"Get early up, late close your eyes,

"And leave no stone unturn'd to rise:

"Then each good day at Salter's-Hall

"Pray for a blessing upon all."

Lowly the ravish'd Franky bows,

While joy sat smiling on his brows;

And without scruple, in a trice,

He took her money and advice.

Not an extravagant young heir,

Beset with duns, and in despair,

When joyful tidings reach his ear,

And

And dad retires by Heaven's commands,
 To leave his chink to better hands;
 Not wandering sailors almost lost,
 When they behold the wish'd-for coast;
 Not culprit when the knot is plac'd,
 And kind reprieve arrives in haste;
 E'er felt a joy in such excess,
 As Frank reliev'd from this distress.
 A thousand antic tricks he play'd,
 The purse he kiss'd, swore, curs'd, and pray'd;
 Counted the pieces o'er and o'er,
 And hugg'd his unexpected store;
 Built stately castles in the air,
 Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair;
 Pick'd out his title and his place,
 Was scarce contented with Your Grace.
 Strange visions working in his head,
 Frantic, half mad, he strols to bed;
 Sleeps little; if he sleeps, he dreams
 Of sceptres, and of diadems.
 " Fortune, said he, shall now no more
 " Trick and deceive me as of yore:
 " This passport shall admittance gain,
 " In spite of all the jilt's disdain:
 " 'Tis this the tyrant's pride disarms,
 " And brings her blushing to my arms;
 " This golden bough my wish shall speed,
 " And to th' Elysian Fields shall lead."
 The morn scarce peep'd, but up he rose,
 Impatient huddled on his clothes;

Call'd

Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
And to 'Change-Alley whirl'd away.
'Tis here dame Fortune every day
Opens her booth, and shows her play;
Here laughing sits behind the scene,
Dances her puppets here unseen,
And turns her whimsical machine.
Powel, with all his wire and wit,
To her great genius must submit:
Exact at twelve the goddess shows,
And fame aloud her trumpet blows;
Harangues the mob with shams and lyes,
And bids their actions fall, or rise.
Old Chaos here his throne regains;
And here in odd confusion reigns;
All order, all distinction lost,
Now high, now low, the fools are tost.
Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear
Their giddy heads, there in despair
Sits humbled pride, with down-cast look,
Bankrupts restor'd, and misers broke,
Strange figures here our eyes invade,
And the whole world in masquerade;
A carman in a hat and feather,
A lord in frieze, his breeches leather:
Tom Whiplash in his coach of state,
Drawn by the tits he drove of late:
A colonel of the bold train-bands,
Selling his equipage and lands.

Hard-

Hard-by a cobbler bidding fair,
 For the gold-chain, and next lord mayor:
 A butcher blustering in the crowd,
 Of his late purchas'd 'scutcheon proud,
 Retains his cleaver for his crest,
 His motto too beneath the rest,
 "Virtue and merit is a jest."

Two toasts with all their trinkets gone,
 Padding the streets for half-a-crown:
 A daggled countess and her maid,
 Her house-rent and her slaves unpaid,
 A tailor's wife in rich brocade.
 All sects, all parties, high and low,
 At fortune's shrine devoutly bow;
 Nought can their ardent zeal restrain,
 Where each man's godliness is gain.
 From taverns, meeting-houses, stews,
 Atheists and Quakers, bawds and Jews,
 Statesmen and fidlers, beaux and porters,
 Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.
 As human race of old began
 From stones and clods, transform'd to man,
 So from each dunghill, strange surprize!
 In troops the recent gentry rise,
 Of mushroom growth, they wildly stare,
 And ape the great with awkward air:
 So Pinkethman upon the stage,
 Mounting his ass in warlike rage,
 With simpering Dicky for his page,

In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,
Burlesques the prince of Ammon's race.
Industrious Frank, among the rest,
Bought, fold, and cavil'd, bawl'd and prefs'd;
Lodg'd in a garret on the spot,
Follow'd instructions to a jot,
The praying part alone forgot.
Learnt every dealing term of art,
And all th' ingenious cant by heart;
Nor doubted but he soon should find
Dame fortune complaisant and kind.
After her oft he call'd aloud,
But still she vanish'd in the crowd;
Now with smooth looks and tempting smiles
The faithless hypocrite beguiles;
Then with a cool and scornful air,
Bids the deluded wretch despair;
Takes pet without the least pretence,
And wonders at his insolence.
Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,
And between hopes and fears perplex'd;
His patience quite worn out at last
Resolves to throw one desperate cast.
" 'Tis vain, said he, to whine and woee,
" 'Tis one brisk stroke the work must do.
" Fortune is like a widow won,
" And truckles to the bold alone;
" I 'll push at once and venture all,
" At least I shall with honour fall."

But, curse upon the treacherous jade,
Who thus his services repaid;
When now he thought the world his own,
He bought a bear, and was undone.

C A N T O III.

AS there is something in a face,
An air, and a peculiar grace,
Which boldest painters cannot trace;
That more than features, shape, or hair,
Distinguishes the happy fair;
Strikes every eye, and makes her known
A ruling toast through all the town:
So in each action 'tis success
That gives it all its comeliness;
Guards it from censure and from blame,
Brightens and burnishes our fame.
For what is virtue, courage, wit,
In all men, but a lucky hit?
But, *vice versâ*, where this fails,
The wisest conduct nought avails;
The man of merit soon shall find
The world to prosperous knaves inclin'd,
Himself the last of all mankind.
Too true poor Frank this thesis found,
Bankrupt, despoil'd, and run aground,
In durance vile detain'd and lost,
And all his mighty projects crost:

With

With grief and shame at once oppress'd,
 Tears swell his eyes, and sighs his breast;
 A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,
 Where shall he turn? what measures take?
 Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite,
 By his own greedy appetite;
 He mourns his fatal lust of pelf,
 And curses Fortune and himself:
 In limbo pent, would fain get free,
 Importunate for liberty.
 So when the watchful hungry mouse,
 At midnight prowling round the house.
 Winds in a corner toasted cheese,
 Glad the luxurious prey to seize;
 With whiskers curl'd, and round black eyes,
 He meditates the luscious prize,
 Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late
 The rigorous decrees of fate:
 Restless his freedom to regain,
 He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.
 The wretched captive thus distress'd,
 His busy thoughts allow no rest:
 Fond on each project to depend,
 Kind hope his only faithful friend;
 Odd whimsies floating in his brain,
 He plots, contrives, but all in vain,
 Approves, rejects, and thinks again.
 As when the shipwreck'd wretch is tost
 From wave to wave, and almost lost,

Beat by the billows from the shore,
Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more
The friendly plank he grasp'd before :
So Frank, when all expedients fail,
To save his carcass from a gaol,
Eat up with vermin and with care,
And almost sinking in despair,
Resolves once more to make his court
To his old aunt, his last resort :
Takes pen in hand, now writes, now tears,
Then blots his paper with his tears,
Ransacks his troubled soul, to raise
Each tender sentiment and phrase ;
And every lame excuse supplies
With artful colouring and disguise ;
Kind to himself, lays all the blame
On Fortune, that capricious dame :
In short, informs her all was lost,
And sends it by the penny-post.
Soon as the ancient nymph had read
The fatal scroll, she took her bed,
Cold palsies seize her trembling head ;
She groans, she sighs, she sobs, she smears
Her spectacles and beard with tears ;
Her nose that wont to sympathize
With all th' o'erflowings of her eyes,
Adown in pearly drops distils,
Th' united stream each chasm fills.
Geneva now, nor Nants will do,
Her toothless gums their hold let go ;

And

And on the ground, O fatal stroke!
 The short coæval pipe is broke:
 With vapours choak'd, entranc'd she lies,
 Belches, and prays, and f—ts, and dies,
 But sleep, that kind restorative,
 Recall'd her soul, and bid her live;
 With cooler thoughts the case she weigh'd,
 And brought her reason to her aid.
 Away she hobbles, and with speed
 Resolves to see the captive freed;
 Wipe off this stain and foul disgrace,
 And vindicate her ancient race.
 With her a sage director comes,
 More weighty than a brace of plumbs,
A good man in the city cant,
 Where cash, not morals, makes the saint.
 T' improve a genius so polite,
 The clumsy thing was dubb'd a knight:
 Fortune's chief confident and friend,
 Grown fat by many a dividend;
 And still her favour he retains,
 By want of merit and of brains;
 On her top spoke sublime he fits,
 The jest and theme of sneering wits:
 For fools in Fortune's pillory plac'd
 Are mounted to be more disgrac'd.
 This rich old Hunks, as Woodcock wife,
 Was call'd the youngker to advise:
 " Young man, said he, refrain from tears,
 " While joyful tidings blest thine ears;

“ Up and be doing, boy, and try
“ To conquer fate by industry ;
“ For know that all of mortal race,
“ Are born to losses and disgrace :
“ Ev’n I broke twice, I, heretofore
“ A tailor despicably poor,
“ In every hole for shelter crept,
“ On the same bulk, botch’d, lous’d, and slept,
“ With scarce one penny to prepare
“ A friendly halter in despair ;
“ My credit like my garment torn,
“ Thread-bare, and ragged, over-worn :
“ But soon I patch’d it up again,
“ These busy hands, this working brain,
“ Ne’er ceas’d from labour, pain, and sweat,
“ Till fortune smil’d, and I was great.
“ Now at each pompous city feast,
“ Who but Sir Tristram? Every guest
“ Respectful bows. In each debate,
“ My nod must give the sentence weight :
“ On me prime ministers attend,
“ And — Aislavie’s my friend :
“ In embryo each bold project lies,
“ Till my consenting purse supplies.
“ This hand—nay do not think me vain,
“ Soften’d the Swede, and humbled Spain.
“ To me the fair, whom all adore,
“ Address their prayers, and own my power ;
“ When the poor toast by break of day
“ Has punted all her gold away,
“ Undrefs’d,

“ Undress’d, and in her native charms,
“ She flies to these indulgent arms;
“ She curls each dimple in her face
“ To win the good Sir Tristram’s grace;
“ Offers her brilliants with a smile,
“ That might an anchoret beguile;
“ And when my potent aid is lent,
“ Away the dear-one wheels content.
“ He that can money get, my boy,
“ Shall every other good enjoy;
“ Be rich, and every boon receive,
“ That man can wish, or Heaven can give.
“ Now to the means, dear youth, attend,
“ By which thy sorrows soon shall end:
“ Thy good old aunt resolves to bail
“ Her hopeful godson out of gaol;
“ But what is freedom to the poor?
“ The man who begs from door to door
“ Is free; in lazy wretchedness
“ He lives, till Heaven his substance bless;
“ But, having learnt to cog and chouse,
“ To cut a purse, or break a house,
“ Then soon he mends his own apparel,
“ Eats boil’d and roast, and taps his barrel;
“ Drinks double bub, with all his might,
“ And hugs his doxy every night:
“ Thy sprightly genius ne’er shall lie
“ Depress’d by want and penury;
“ Go, with a prosperous merry gale,
“ To the South Seas adventurous fail;

" Fat Plenty dwells on those rich shores,
 " Abundance opens all her stores;
 " Ingots and pearls for beads are sold,
 " And rivers glide on sands of gold;
 " Profit and Pleasure, hand in hand,
 " Smile on the fields, and bless the land;
 " The swains unlabour'd harvests reap,
 " Fountains run wine, and whores are cheap.
 " Fortune is always true and kind,
 " Nor veers, as here, with every wind;
 " Not, as in these penurious isles,
 " Retailers her blessings and her smiles;
 " But deals by wholesale with her friends,
 " And gluts them with her dividends.
 " Then haste, set sail, the ship's unmoor'd,
 " And waits to take thee now on board."

The youth o'erjoy'd this project hears,
 From his flock-bed his head he rears,
 And waters all his rags with tears.
 In short, he took his friend's advice,
 Pack'd up his baggage in a trice;
 Dancing for joy, on board he flew,
 With all Potosi in his view.

C A N T O IV.

BEHOLD the youth just now set free
 On land, immur'd again at sea;
 Stow'd with his cargo in the hold,
 In quest of other worlds for gold.

He

He who so late regal'd at ease,
On olios, soups, and fricassees;
Drank with the witty and the gay,
Sparkling Champaign, and rich Tokay;
Now breaks his fast with Suffolk cheese,
And bursts at noon with pork and pease;
Instead of wine, content to sip,
With noisy tars, their nauseous flip:
Their breath with chew'd mundungus sweet,
Their jests more fulsome than their meat.
While thunder rolls, and storms arise,
He snoring in his hammock lies;
In golden dreams enjoys the night,
And counts his bags with vast delight.
Mountains of gold erect his throne,
Each precious gem is now his own;
Kind Jove descends in golden fleet,
Pactolus murmurs at his feet;
The sea gives up its hoarded store,
Possessing all, he covets more.
O gold! attractive gold! in vain
Honour and conscience would restrain
Thy boundless universal reign.
To thee each stubborn virtue bends,
The man oblig'd betrays his friends;
The patriot quits his country's cause,
And sells her liberty and laws:
The pious prude's no longer nice,
And ev'n lawn sleeves can flatter vice.

At

At thy too absolute command,
Thy zealots ranfack sea and land:
Wheree'er thy beams thy power display,
The swarming insects haste away,
To bask in thy refulgent ray.

Now the bold crew with prosperous wind,
Leave the retreating land behind;
Fearless they quit their native shore,
And Albion's cliffs are seen no more.
Then on the wide Atlantic borne,
Their rigging and their tackle torn;
Danger in various shapes appears,
Sudden alarms, and shivering fears.
Here, might some copious bard dilate
And show fierce Neptune drawn in state;
While guards of Tritons clear his way,
And Nereids round his chariot play;
Then bid the stormy Boreas rise,
And forked lightning cleave the skies;
The ship nigh foundering in the deep,
Or bounding o'er the ridgy steep:
Describe the monsters of the main,
The Phocæ, and their finny train,
Tornados, hurricanes, and rain,
Spouts, shoals, and rocks of dreadful size,
And pirates lurking for their prize;
Amazing miracles rehearse,
And turn all Dampier into verse.
My negligent and humble Muse
Less ambitious aims pursues;

Content with more familiar phrase,
Nor deals in such embroider'd lays;
Pleas'd if my rhyme just measure keeps,
And stretch'd at ease my reader sleeps.
Hibernian matrons thus of old,
Their soporific stories told;
To sleep in vain the patient strove,
Perplex'd with business, cross'd in love;
Till soothing tales becalm'd his breast,
And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.
Suffice it only to recite,
They drank all day, they snor'd all night;
And, after many moons were past,
They made the wish'd-for shores at last.
Frank, with his cargo in his hand,
Leap'd joyful on the golden strand;
Open'd his toy-shop in the port,
Trinkets of various size and sort;
Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,
Bath-metal rings, and knives, and scissars;
And in one lucky day got more
Than Bubble-boy in half a score:
For Fortune now, no longer coy,
Smil'd on her darling favourite boy;
No longer from his arms retir'd,
But gave him all his heart desir'd.
Ah! thoughtless youth! in time beware,
And shun the treacherous harlot's snare;
The wiser savages behold,
Who truck not liberty for gold;

Proof

Proof against all her subtle wiles,
Regardless of her frowns or smiles;
If frugal Nature want supplies,
The lance or dart unerring flies:
The mountain boar their prey descends,
Or the fat kid regales their friends;
The jocund tribe, from sun to sun,
Feast on the prize their valour won.
Cease, babbling Muse, thy vain advice,
'Tis thrown away on avarice:
Bid hungry lions quit their prey,
Or streams that down the mountains stray
Divert their course, return again,
And climb the steep from whence they came.

Unblest with his ill-gotten store,
Th' insatiate youth still craves for more;
To counsel deaf, t' examples blind,
Scrapes up whatever he can find.
Now master of a vessel grown,
With all the glittering freight his own,
To Fortune still he makes his court,
And coasts along from port to port.
Each rolling tide brings fresh supplies,
And heaps on heaps delight his eyes.
Through Panama's delicious bay,
The loaded vessel ploughs her way;
With the rich freight oppress'd she sails,
And summons all the friendly gales.
Frank on her deck triumphant stood,
And view'd the calm transparent flood:

Let

Let book-learn'd sots, said he, adore
Th' aspiring hills that grace thy shore ;
Thy verdant isles, the groves that bow
Their nodding heads, and shade thy brow ;
Thy face serene, thy gentle breast,
Where Syrens sing, and Halcyons rest :
Propitious flood ! on me bestow
The treasures of thy depths below ;
Which long in thy dark womb have slept,
From age to age securely kept.
Scarce had he spoke, when, strange surprize !
Th' indignant waves in mountains rise,
And hurricanes invade the skies ;
The ship against the shoals was struck,
And in a thousand pieces broke ;
But one poor trusty plank, to save
Its owner from the watery grave :
On this he mounts, is cast on shore,
Half dead, a bankrupt as before :
Spiritless, fainting, and alone,
On the bare beach he makes his moan.
Then climbs the ragged rock, t' explore
If aught was driving to the shore,
The poor remains of all his store :
With greedy diligence prepar'd
To save whate'er the waves had spar'd.
But, oh ! the wretch expects in vain
Compassion from the furious main ;
Men, goods, are sunk. Mad with despair
He beat his breast, he tore his hair :

}

}

Then

Then leaning o'er the craggy steep,
 Look'd down into the boiling deep;
 Almost resolv'd to cast himself,
 And perish with his dear, dear self.

C A N T O V.

IF Heaven the thriving trader bless,
 What fawning crowds about him press!
 But, if he fail, distress'd and poor,
 His mob of friends are seen no more:
 For all men hold it meet to fly
 Th' infectious breath of poverty.
 Poor Frank, deserted and forlorn,
 Curses the day that he was born:
 Each treacherous crony hides his face,
 Or starts whene'er he haunts the place.
 His wealth thus lost, with that his friends,
 On Fortune still the youth depends:
 One smile, said he, can soon restore
 A bankrupt wretch, and give him more;
 She will not, sure, refuse her aid?
 Fallacious hope! for the false jade
 That very day took wing, was flown,
 And on her wonted journey gone
 (Intent her costly goods to sell)
 From Panama to Portobel:
 Five hundred mules her baggage bear,
 And groan beneath the precious ware,
 The goddess rides sublime in air;

}
 And

And hence conveys a fresh supply,
For pride, debate, and luxury.
Frank, when he heard th' unwelcome news,
Like a staunch hound the chace pursues,
Takes the same rout, doubles his speed,
Nor doubts her help in time of need.

O'er the wide waste, through pathless ways,
The solitary pilgrim strays;
Now on the swampy desert plain,
Through brakes of mangroves works with pain;
Then climbs the hills with many a groan,
And melts beneath the torrid zone.
With berries and green plantains fed,
On the parch'd earth he leans his head;
Fainting with thirst, to heaven he cries,
But finds no stream but from his eyes.
Ah, wretch! thy vain laments forbear,
And for a worse extreme prepare;
Sudden the lowering storms arise,
The bursting thunder rends the skies,
Aflant the ruddy lightning flies;
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And gives a short, but dreadful day:
With pealing rain the woods resound,
Convulsions shake the solid ground.
Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
Strange phantoms to his mind appear,
The wolves around him howl for food,
The ravenous tigers hunt for blood,

And

And canibals more fierce than they
(Monsters who make mankind their prey)
Riot and feast on human gore,
And, still insatiate, thirsts for more.
Half dead at every noise he hears,
His fancy multiplies his fears;
Whate'er he read or heard of old,
Whate'er his nurse or Crusoe told,
Each tragic scene his eyes behold:
Things past as present fear applies,
Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.

At length the sun began to peep,
And gild the surface of the deep,
Then on the reeking moisture fed,
The scatter'd clouds before him fled,
The rivers shrunk into their bed:
Nature revives; the feather'd throng
Salute the morning with a song.
Frank with his fellow-brutes arose,
Yet dreaming still he saw his foes,
Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,
And starting, doubts if yet he lives.
At last his spirits mend their pace,
And Hope sat dawning on his face;
Ev'n such is human life, said he,
A night of dread and misery,
Till Heaven relents, relieves our pain,
And sun-shine days return again.
O Fortune! who dost now bestow,
Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,

Do not thy faithful slave destroy,
But give th' alternative of joy.
Then many a painful step he takes,
O'er hills and vales, through woods and brakes:
No sturdy desperate buccaneer
E'er suffer'd hardships more severe.
Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
No dangers can divert his mind;
His tedious journey he pursues,
At last his eye transported views:
Fair Portobel, whose rising spires
Inflame his heart with new desires.
Secure of Fortune's grace, he smiles,
And flattering Hope the wretch beguiles.
Though nature calls for sleep and food,
Yet stronger avarice subdued;
Ev'n shameful nakedness and pain;
And thirst and hunger, plead in vain:
No rest he gives his weary feet,
Fortune he seeks from street to street;
Careful in every corner pries,
Now here, now there, impatient flies,
Whereever busy crowds resort,
The change, the market, and the port;
In vain he turns his eye-balls round,
Fortune was no where to be found;
The jilt, not many hours before,
With the Plate-fleet had left the shore:
Laughs at the credulous fool behind,
And joyful skuds before the wind.

Poor Frank forsaken on the coast,
 All his fond hopes at once are lost.
 Aghast the swelling sails he views,
 And with his eye the fleet pursues,
 Till, less'n'd to his wearied sight,
 It leaves him to despair and night.
 So when the faithless Theseus fled
 The Cretan nymph's deserted bed,
 Awak'd, at distance on the main,
 She view'd the prosperous perjur'd swain,
 And call'd th' avenging Gods in vain.
 Prostrate on earth till break of day,
 Senseless and motionless he lay,
 Till tears at last find out their way;
 Gush like a torrent from his eyes,
 In bitterness of soul he cries,
 " O, Fortune! now too late I see,
 " Too late, alas! thy treachery.
 " Wretch that I am, abandon'd, lost,
 " About the world at random tost,
 " Whither, oh whither shall I run?
 " Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone.
 " In the dark mines go hide thy head
 " Accurs'd, exchange thy sweat for bread,
 " Skulk under ground, in earth's dark womb
 " Go slave, and dig thyself a tomb:
 " There's gold enough; pernicious gold!
 " To which long since thy peace was sold;
 " Vain helpless idol! canst thou save
 " This shatter'd carcase from the grave?

" Restless

“ Restless disturber of mankind,
“ Canst thou give health, or peace of mind?
“ Ah no, deceiv’d the fool shall be
“ Who puts his confidence in thee.
“ Fatally blind, my native home
“ I left, in this rude world to roam;
“ O, brother! shall I view no more
“ Thy peaceful bowers? fair Albion’s shore?
“ Yes (if kind heaven my life shall spare)
“ Some happy moments yet I’ll share,
“ In thy delightful blest retreat,
“ With thee condemn the rich and great;
“ Redeem my time mispent, and wait
“ Till death relieve th’ unfortunate.”

Adversity, sage useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best;
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below;
Right reason’s ever faithful friend,
To thee our haughty passions bend;
Tam’d by thy rod, poor Frank at last
Repents of all his follies past;
Resign’d, and patient to endure
Those ills, which heaven alone can cure.
With vain pursuits and labours worn,
He meditates a quick return,
Longs to revisit yet once more,
Poor prodigal! his native shore.
In the next ship for Britain bound,
Glad Frank a ready passage found;

Nor vessel now, nor freight his-own,
 He fears no longer Fortune's frown;
 No property but life his share,
 Life a frail good not worth his care;
 Active and willing to obey,
 A merry mariner and gay,
 He hands the sails, and jokes all day.
 At night no dreams disturb his rest,
 No passions riot in his breast;
 For, having nothing left to lose,
 Sweet and unbroken his repose:
 And now fair Albion's cliffs are seen,
 And hills with fruitful herbage green:
 His heart beats quick, the joy that ties
 His faltering tongue bursts from his eyes.
 At length, thus hail'd the well-known land
 And kneeling kiss'd the happy strand.
 " And do I then draw native air,
 " After an age of toil and care?
 " O welcome parent isle! no more
 " The vagrant shall desert thy shore,
 " But, flying to thy kind embrace,
 " Here end his life's laborious race."
 So when the stag, intent to rove,
 Quits the safe park and sheltering grove,
 Tops the high pale, strolls unconfin'd,
 And leaves the lazy herd behind,
 Blest in his happy change a while,
 Corn fields and flowery meadows smile,
 The pamper'd beast enjoys the spoil;

Till

Till on the next returning morn,
 Alarm'd, he hears the fatal horn;
 Before the staunch, blood-thirsty hounds,
 Panting, o'er hills unknown he bounds,
 With clamour every wood resounds:
 He creeps the thorny brakes with pain,
 He seeks the distant stream in vain,
 And now, by sad experience wise,
 To his dear home the rambler flies;
 His old inclosure gains once more,
 And joins the herd he scorn'd before.

Nor are his labours finish'd yet,
 Hunger and thirst, and pain and sweat,
 And many a tedious mile remains,
 Before his brother's house he gains.
 Without one doit his purse to bless,
 Nor very elegant his dress;
 With a tarr'd jump, a crooked bat,
 Scarce one whole shoe, and half a hat;
 From door to door the stroller skip'd,
 Sometimes reliev'd, but oftener whipp'd;
 Sun-burnt and ragged, on he fares,
 At last the mansion-house appears,
 Timely relief for all his cares.
 Around he gaz'd, his greedy sight
 Devours each object with delight;
 Through each known haunt transported roves,
 Gay smiling fields, and shady groves,
 Once conscious of his youthful loves.

About the hospitable gate
 Crowds of dejected wretches wait;
 Each day kind Bob's diffusive hand,
 Chear'd and refresh'd the tatter'd band,
 Proud the most god-like joy to share,
 He fed the hungry, cloath'd the bare.
 Frank amongst these his station chose,
 With looks revealing inward woes;
 When, lo! with wonder and surprize,
 He saw dame Fortune in disguise;
 He saw, but scarce believ'd his eyes.
 Her fawning smiles, her tricking air,
 Th' egregious hypocrite declare;
 A gypsy's mantle round her spread,
 Of various dye, white, yellow, red;
 Strange feats she promis'd, clamour'd loud,
 And with her cant amus'd the crowd:
 There every day impatient ply'd,
 Push'd to get in, but still deny'd;
 For Bob, who knew the subtle whore,
 'Thrust the false vagrant from his door.
 But, when the stranger's face he view'd,
 With no deceitful tears bedew'd,
 His boding heart began to melt,
 And more than usual pity felt:
 He trac'd his features o'er and o'er,
 That spoke him better born, though poor,
 Though cloath'd in rags, genteel his mien,
 That face he somewhere must have seen:

Nature

Nature at last reveals the truth,
He knows, and owns the hapless youth.
Surpriz'd, and speechless, both embrace,
And mingling tears o'erflow each face;
Till Bob thus eas'd his labouring thought,
And this instructive moral taught.

Welcome, my brother, to my longing arms,
Here on my bosom rest secure from harms;
See Fortune there, that false delusive jade,
To whom thy prayers and ardent vows were paid:
She (like her sex) the fond pursuer flies;
But slight the jilt, and at thy feet she dies.
Now safe in port, indulge thyself on shore,
Oh, tempt the faithless winds and seas no more;
Let unavailing toils, and dangers past,
Though late, this useful lesson teach at last,
True happiness is only to be found
In a contented mind, a body found,
All else is dream, a dance on fairy ground:
While restless fools each idle whim pursue,
And still one wish obtain'd creates a new,
Like froward babes, the toys they have, detest,
While still the newest trifle pleases best:
Let us, my brother, rich in wisdom's store,
What Heaven has lent, enjoy, nor covet more;
Subdue our passions, curb their saucy rage,
And to ourselves restore the golden age.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED:

A T A L E.

A VICAR liv'd on this side Trent,
 Religious, learn'd, benevolent,
 Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,
 A comment on the truths he taught:
 His parish large, his income small,
 Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;
 For against every merry tide
 Madam would carefully provide.
 A painful pastor; but his sheep,
 Alas! within no bounds would keep;
 A scabby flock, that every day
 Run riot, and would go astray.
 He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vext,
 Thump'd o'er again each useful text;
 Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,
 His parish was the more profane:
 The scrubs would have their wicked will,
 And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
 At last, when each expedient fail'd,
 And serious measures nought avail'd,
 It came into his head, to try
 The force of wit and raillery.
 The good man was by nature gay,
 Could gibe and joke, as well as pray;
 Not like some hide-bound folk, who chace
 Each merry smile from their dull face,
 And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.

 }
 At

At christenings and each jovial feast,
 He singled out the sinful beast :
 Let all his pointed arrows fly,
 Told this and that, look'd very fly,
 And left my masters to apply.
 His tales were humorous, often true,
 And now and then set off to view
 With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
 That pierc'd, where truth could never hit.
 The laugh was always on his side,
 While passive fools by turns deride ;
 And, giggling thus at one another,
 Each jeering lout reform'd his brother ;
 Till the whole parish was with ease
 Sham'd into virtue by degrees :
 Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
 When Chrysoftom and Austin fail.

}

THE OFFICIOUS MESSENGER:

A T A L E.

MAN, of precarious science vain,
 Treats other creatures with disdain ;
 Nor Pug nor shock have common sense,
 Nor even Pol the least pretence,
 Though she prates better than us all,
 To be accounted rational.
 The brute creation here below,
 It seems, is nature's puppet-show ;

But

} At

But clock-work all, and mere machine,
 What can these idle gimcracks mean?
 Ye world-makers of Gresham-hall,
 Dog rover shall confute you all;
 Shall prove that every reasoning brute
 Like Ben of Bangor can dispute;
 Can apprehend, judge, syllogize,
 Or like proud Bentley criticize:
 At a moot point, or odd disaster,
 Is often wiser than his master.
 He may mistake sometimes, 'tis true,
 None are infallible but you.
 The dog whom nothing can mislead
 Must be a dog of parts indeed:
 But to my tale; hear me, my friend,
 And with due gravity attend.

Rover, as heralds are agreed,
 Well-born, and of the setting breed;
 Rang'd high, was stout, of nose acute,
 A very learn'd and courteous brute.
 In parallel lines his ground he beat,
 Not such as in one centre meet,
 In those let blundering doctors deal,
 His were exactly parallel.
 When tainted gales the game betray,
 Down close he sinks, and eyes his prey.
 Though different passions tempt his soul,
 True as the needle to the pole,
 He keeps his point, and panting lies,
 The floating net above him flies,
 Then, dropping, sweeps the fluttering prize.

}
 Nor

Nor this his only excellence :
When furly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the sport deny'd,
Still faithful to his master's side,
A thousand pretty pranks he play'd,
And chearful each command obey'd:
Humble his mind, though great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the spit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
And forty such diverting tricks.
Nor Partridge, nor wise Gadbury,
Could find lost goods so soon as he;
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And seek the glove you hid before,
Sill his unerring nose would wind it,
If above ground, was sure to find it;
Whimpering for joy his master greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.

But hold—it cannot be deny'd,
That useful talents misapply'd,
May make wild work. It hapt one day,
Squire Lobb, his master, took his way,
New shav'd, and smug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighbouring knight;
In his best trowsers he appears
(A comely person for his years);
And clean white drawers, that many a day
In lavender and rose-cakes lay.
Across his brawny shoulders strung,
On his left side his dagger hung;

Dead.

44 SOMERVILE'S POEMS.

Dead-doing blade! a dreadful guest,
 Or in the field, or at the feast.
 No Franklin carving of a chine
 At Christide, ever look'd so fine.
 With him obsequious Rover trudg'd,
 Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
 A while they travell'd, when within
 Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din:
 Then warring winds, for want of vent,
 Shook all his earthly tenement.
 So in the body politick
 (For states sometimes, like men, are sick)
 Dark faction mutters through the crowd,
 Ere bare-fac'd treason roars aloud:
 Whether crude humours undigested
 His labouring entrails had infested,
 Or last night's load of bottled ale,
 Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol:
 The cause of this his awkward pain,
 Let Johnston or let H—th explain;
 Whose learned noses may discover,
 Why nature's stink-pot thus ran over.
 My province is th' effect to trace,
 And give each point its proper grace,
 'Th' effect, O lamentable case!
 Long had he struggled, but in vain,
 The factious tumult to restrain:
 What should he do? 'Th' unruly rout
 Prefs'd on, and it was time, no doubt,
 T' unbutton, and to let all out.

The

The trowfers soon his will obey !
 Not so his stubborn drawers, for they,
 Beneath his hanging paunch close ty'd,
 His utmost art and pains defy'd :
 He drew his dagger on the spot,
 Resolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.

In the same road just then pass'd by
 (Such was the will of destiny)

The courteous curate of the place,
 Good-nature shone o'er all his face ;
 Surpriz'd the flaming blade to view,
 And deeming slaughter must ensue,
 Off from his hack himself he threw,
 Then without ceremony seiz'd

The squire, impatient to be eas'd.

" Lord ! Master Lobb, who would have thought

" The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought ?

" Is suicide so slight a fault ?

" Rip up thy guts, man ! What—go quick !

" To hell ? Outrageous lunatick !

" But, by the blessing, I 'll prevent

" With this right hand, thy foul intent."

Then gripp'd the dagger fast : the squire,

Like Peleus' son, look'd pale with ire ;

While the good man like Pallas stood,

And check'd his eager thirst for blood.

At last, when both a while had strain'd,

Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd.

The curate in all points obey'd,

Into the sheath returns the blade :

But

But first th' unhappy squire he swore,
T' attempt upon his life no more.
With sage advice his speech he clos'd,
And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
But was it so, friend Lobb? I own,
Misfortune seldom comes alone;
Satan supplies the swelling tide,
And ills on ills are multiply'd.
Subdued and all his measures broke,
His purpose and intent mistook;
Within his drawers, alas! he found
His guts let out without a wound:
For, in the conflict, straining hard,
He left his postern-gate unbarr'd;
Most woefully bedawb'd, he moans
His piteous case, he sighs, he groans.
To lose his dinner, and return,
Was very hard not to be borne:
Hunger, they say, parent of arts,
Will make a fool a man of parts.
The sharp-set squire resolves at last,
Whate'er befel him not to fast;
He mus'd a while, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,
At last on this expedient hits;
To the next brook with sober pace
He tends, preparing to uncase,
Straddling and muttering all the way,
Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
The coast now clear, no soul in view,
Off in a trice his trowsers drew;

More

More leisurely his drawers, for care
And caution was convenient there :
So fast the plaister'd birdlime stuck,
The skin came off with every pluck,
Sorely he gaul'd each brawny ham ;
Nor other parts escap'd, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name.
Not without pain the work atchiev'd,
He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd ;
Then, with nice hand and look sedate,
Folds up his drawers, with their rich freight,
And hides them in a bush, at leisure
Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure :
The trusty Rover lay hard by,
Observing all with curious eye.

}

Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
Brisk as a snake in merry May,
That just has cast his slough away,
Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,
As he presum'd both sweet and clean ;
For, oh ! amongst us mortal elves,
How few there are smell out themselves !
With a mole's ear, and eagle's eye,
And with a blood-hound's nose, we fly
On others' faults implacably.
But where 's that ear, that eye, that nose,
Against its master will depose ?
Ruddy Miss Prue, with golden hair,
Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear,

}

Yet

Yet romps about me every day,
 Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay.
 Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,
 Whose poisonous breath in whispers kills
 Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
 What fatal secrets he bestows:
 Let him destroy each day a score,
 'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
 In fine, self-love bribes every sense,
 And all at home is excellence.

The squire arriv'd in decent plight,
 With reverence due salutes the knight;
 Compliments past, the dinner-bell
 Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
 To greedy Lob! Th' Orphéan lyre
 Did ne'er such rapturous joy inspire;
 Though this the savage throng obey,
 That hunger tames more fierce than they.
 In comely order now appear,
 The footmen loaded with good cheer,
 Her ladyship brought up the rear.
 Simpering she lisps, "Your servant, sir—
 "The ways are bad, one can't well stir
 "Abroad—or 'twere indeed unkind
 "To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
 "She's well, I hope—Master, they say,
 "Comes on apace—How's Miss, I pray?"
 Lobb'd bow'd, and cring'd; and, muttering low,
 Made for his chair, would fain fall-to.

These

These weighty points adjusted, soon
My lady brandishes her spoon.

Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had chose his seat:

When, oh! th' effluvia of his bum
Begin amain to scent the room,
Ambrosial sweets, and rich perfume.

The flickering footman stopt his nose;
The chaplain too, under the rose,
Made aukward mouths; the knight took snuff;
Her ladyship began to huff;

"Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—

"'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—

"Dogs in their place are good, I own—

"But in the parlour—foh!—be gone."

Now Rockwood leaves th' unfinish'd bone,
Banish'd for failings not his own;

No grace ev'n Fidler could obtain,
And favourite Virgin fawn'd in vain.

The servants, to the stranger kind,

Leave trusty Rover still behind;

But Lobb, who would not seem to be

Defective in civility,

And, for removing of all doubt,

Knitting his brows, bids him get out:

By signs expresses his command,

And to the door points with his hand.

The dog, or through mistake or spight
(Grave authors have not set us right),

Fled back the very way he came,
 And in the bush soon found his game;
 Brought in his mouth the savoury load,
 And at his master's elbow stood.
 O Lobb, what idioms can express
 Thy strange confusion and distress,
 When on the floor the drawers display'd
 The fulsome secret had bewray'd?
 No traitor, when his hand and seal
 Produc'd his dark designs reveal,
 E'er look'd with such a hanging face,
 As Lobb half-dead at this disgrace.
 Wild-staring, thunder-struck, and dumb,
 While peals of laughter shake the room;
 Each fash thrown up to let in air,
 The knight fell backward in his chair,
 Laugh'd till his heart-strings almost break,
 The chaplain giggled for a week;
 Her ladyship began to call,
 For hartshorn, and her Abigail;
 The servants chuckled at the door,
 And all was clamour and uproar.
 Rover, who now began to quake,
 As conscious of his foul mistake,
 Trusts to his heels to save his life;
 The squire sneaks home, and beats his wife.

THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM:

A T A L E.

FRANK PLUME, a spark about the town,
Now weary of intriguing grown,

Thought it adviseable to wed,
And chuse a partner of his bed,
Virtuous and chaste—Aye, right—but where
Is there a nymph that's chaste as fair?

A blessing to be priz'd, but rare.
For continence penurious heaven
With a too sparing hand has given;
A plant but seldom to be found,
And thrives but ill on British ground.
Should our adventurer haste on board,
And see what foreign foils afford?

Where watchful dragons guard the prize,
And jealous dons have Argus' eyes,
Where the rich casket, close immur'd,
Is under lock and key secur'd?

No—Frank, by long experience wise,
Had known these forts took by surprize.

Nature in spite of art prevail'd,
And all their vigilance had fail'd.

The youth was puzzled—should he go

And scale a convent? would that do?

Is nuns-flesh always good and sweet?

Fly-blown sometimes, not fit to eat.

E 2

Well

Well—he resolves to do his best,
 And prudently contrives this test;
 If the last favour I obtain,
 And the nymph yield, the case is plain:
 Marry'd, she'll play the same odd prank
 With others—she's no wife for Frank.
 But, could I find a female heart
 Impregnable to force or art,
 That all my batteries could withstand,
 The sap, and even sword in hand;
 Ye Gods! how happy should I be,
 From each perplexing thought set free,
 From cuckoldom, and jealousy!
 The project pleas'd. He now appears,
 And shines in all his killing airs,
 And every useful toy prepares,
 New opera tunes, and billet-doux,
 The clouded cane, and red-heel'd shoes;
 Nor the clock-stocking was forgot,
 Th' embroider'd coat, and shoulder-knot:
 All that a woman's heart might move,
 The potent trumpery of love.
 Here importunity prevails,
 There tears in floods, or sighs in gales.
 Now, in the lucky moment try'd,
 Low at his feet the fair-one dy'd,
 For Strephon would not be deny'd.
 Then, if no motives could persuade,
 A golden shower debauch'd the maid,
 The mistress truckled, and obey'd.

To modesty a sham pretence
 Gain'd some, others impertinence;
 But most, plain downright impudence.
 Like Cæsar, now he conquer'd all,
 The vassal sex before him fall;
 Wheree'er he march'd, slaughter ensued,
 He came, he saw, and he subdued.
 At length a stubborn nymph he found,
 For bold Camilla stood her ground;
 Parry'd his thrusts with equal art,
 And had him both in tierce and quart:
 She kept the hero still in play,
 And still maintain'd the doubtful day.
 Here he resolves to make a stand,
 Take her, and marry out of hand.
 The jolly priest soon ty'd the knot,
 The luscious tale was not forgot,
 Then empty'd both his pipe and pot.
 The posset drunk, the stocking thrown,
 The candles out, the curtains drawn,
 And sir and madam all alone;
 "My dear," said he, "I strove, you know,
 "To taste the joys you now bestow,
 "All my persuasive arts I try'd,
 "But still relentless you deny'd;
 "Tell me, inexorable fair,
 "How could you, thus attack'd, forbear?"
 "Swear to forgive what's past," she cry'd;
 "The naked truth shan't be deny'd."
 He did; the baggage thus reply'd:

Deceiv'd so many times before
 By your false sex, I rashly swore,
 To trust deceitful man no more.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT:

A T A L E.

“FOR shame, said Ebony, for shame,
 “ Tom Ruby, troth, you're much to blame,
 “ To drink at this confounded rate,
 “ To guzzle thus, early and late!”
 Poor Tom, who just had took his whet,
 And at the door his uncle met,
 Surpriz'd and thunder-struck, would fain
 Make his escape, but, oh! in vain.
 Each blush, that glow'd with an ill grace,
 Lighted the flambeaux in his face;
 No loop-hole left, no slight pretence,
 To palliate the foul offence.
 “ I own,” said he, “ I'm very bad—
 “ A sot—incurably mad—
 “ But, sir—I thank you for your love,
 “ And by your lectures would improve:
 “ Yet, give me leave to say, the street
 “ For conference is not so meet.
 “ Here in this room—nay, sir, come in—
 “ Expose, chastise me for my sin;
 “ Exert each trope, your utmost art,
 “ To touch this senseless, flinty heart.

“ I'm

" I'm conscious of my guilt, 'tis true,
 " But yet I know my frailty too;
 " A slight rebuke will never do.
 " Urge home my faults—come in, I pray—
 " Let not my soul be cast away."

T: Wife Ebony, who deem'd it good
 T' encourage by all means he could
 These first appearances of grace,
 Follow'd up stairs, and took his place.
 The bottle and the crust appear'd,
 And wily Tom demurely sneer'd.
 " My duty, fir!"—" Thank you, kind Tom!"—
 " Again, an't please you!"—" Thank you! Come—"
 " Sorrow is dry—I must once more—"
 " Nay Tom, I told you at the door
 " I would not drink—what! before dinner?—
 " Not one glass more, as I'm a finner—
 " Come, to the point in hand; is 't fit
 " A man of your good sense and wit
 " Those parts which heaven bestow'd should drown,
 " A butt to all the sots in town?
 " Why tell me, Tom—What fort can stand
 " (Though regular, and bravely mann'd)
 " If night and day the fierce foe plies
 " With never-ceasing batteries;
 " Will there not be a breach at last?"—
 " Uncle, 'tis true—forgive what's past."
 " But if nor interest, nor fame,
 " Nor health, can your dull soul reclaim,

"Hast not a conscience, man? no thought
 "Of an hereafter? dear are bought
 "These sensual pleasures."—"I relent,
 "Kind fir—but give your zeal a vent—"
 Then, pouting, hung his head; yet still
 Took care his uncle's glass to fill,
 Which as his hurry'd spirits funk,
 Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
 Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
 Old Ebony stuck to his text,
 Grown warm, like any angel spoke,
 Till intervening hickups broke
 The well-strung argument. Poor Tom
 Was now too forward to reel home.
That preaching still, *this* still repenting,
 Both equally to drink consenting,
 Till both brimfull could swill no more,
 And fell dead drunk upon the floor.

Bacchus, the jolly God, who fate
 Wide-straddling o'er his tun in state,
 Close by the window side, from whence
 He heard this weighty conference;
 Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,
 Thus the indulgent godhead speaks:
 "Frail mortals know, Reason in vain
 "Rebels, and would disturb my reign.
 "See there the sophister o'erthrown,
 "With stronger arguments knock'd down
 "Than e'er in wrangling schools were known!

"The

" The wine that sparkles in this glass
 " Smooths every brow, gilds every face :
 " As vapours when the sun appears,
 " Far hence anxieties and fears :
 " Grave ermine smiles, lawn sleeves grow gay,
 " Each haughty monarch owns my sway,
 " And cardinals and popes obey :
 " Ev'n Cato drank his glass, 'twas I
 " Taught the brave patriot how to die
 " For injur'd Rome and Liberty ;
 " 'Twas I who with immortal lays
 " Inspir'd the bard that sung his praise.
 " Let dull unfociable fools
 " Loll in their cells, and live by rules ;
 " My votaries, in gay delight
 " And mirth, shall revel all the night ;
 " Act well their parts on life's dull stage,
 " And make each moment worth an age."

}
 }

THE NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIM'D:

A T A L E.

I N those blest days of jubilee,
 When pious Charles set England free
 From canting and hypocrisy ;
 Most graciously to all restoring
 Their ancient privilege of whoring ;
 There liv'd, but 'tis no matter where,
 The son of an old cavalier ;

}
 }

Of

Of ancient lineage was the squire,
 A man of mettle and of fire;
 Clean-shap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd, and tall,
 Made a good figure at a ball,
 And only wanted wherewithal.
 His pension was ill-paid and strait,
 Full many a loyal hero's fate:
 Often half starv'd, and often out
 At elbows, an hard case, no doubt.
 Sometimes perhaps a lucky main
 Prudently manag'd in Long-Lane
 Repair'd the thread-bare beau again;
 And now and then some secret favours,
 The kind returns of pious labours,
 Enrich'd the strong and vigorous lover,
 His honour liv'd a while in clover.
 For (to say truth) it is but just,
 Where all things are decay'd but lust,
 That ladies of maturer ages
 Give citron-water and good wages.

Thus far Tom Wild had made a shift,
 And got good helps at a dead lift;
 But John, his humble meagre slave,
 One foot already in the grave,
 Hide-bound as one of Pharaoh's kine,
 With good Duke Numps was forc'd to dine:
 Yet still the thoughtful serious elf
 Would not be wanting to himself;
 Bore up against both tide and wind,
 Turn'd every project in his mind,
 And each expedient weigh'd, to find

A remedy in this distress.

Some God — (nay, fir, suppose no less,
For in this hard and knotty case,
T' employ a God is no disgrace;
Though Mercury be sent from Jove,
Or Iris wing it from above)
Some God, I say, inspir'd the knave,
His master and himself to save.

As both went supperless to bed
One night (first scratching of his head)
" Alas!" quoth John, " fir, 'tis hard fare
" To suck one's thumbs, and live on air;
" To reel from pillar unto post,
" An empty shade, a walking ghost;
" To hear one's guts make piteous moan,
" Those worst of duns, and yet not one,
" One mouldy scrap to satisfy
" Their craving importunity.
" Nay—Good your honour please to hear"
(And then the varlet dropt a tear)
" A project form'd in this dull brain,
" Shall set us all adrift again;
" A project, fir, nay, let me tell ye,
" Shall fill your pockets, and my belly.
" Know then, old Gripe is dead of late,
" Who purchas'd at an easy rate,
" Your manor-house and fine estate.
" Nay, stare not, fir: by G— 'tis true
" The devil for once has got his due:

" The

" The rascal has left every penny,
 " To his old maiden sifter Jenny :
 " Go, clasp the dowdy in your arms,
 " Nor want you bread, though she want charms ;
 " Cajole the dirty drab, and then
 " The man shall have his mare again ;
 " Clod-Hall is yours, your house, your rents,
 " And all your lands, and tenements."
 " Faith, John," said he, (then lick'd his chops)
 " This project gives indeed some hopes :
 " But cursed hard the terms, to marry,
 " To stick to one, and never vary ;
 " And that one old and ugly too :
 " Frail mortals, tell me what to do ?"
 " For that," said John, " trust me ; my treat
 " Shan't be one ill-dress'd dish of meat ;
 " Let but your honour be my guest,
 " Variety shall crown the feast."
 " 'Tis done," reply'd Tom Wild, "'tis done,
 " The flag hangs out, the fort is won ;
 " Ne'er doubt my vigorous attacks,
 " Come to my arms, my * Sycorax ;
 " Bold in thy right we mount our throne,
 " And all the island is our own."

Well—forth they rode, both Squire and John ;
 Here might a florid bard make known,
 His horse's virtues, and his own ;

* See Dryden's *Tempest*, altered from Shakespeare.

A thou-

A thousand prodigies advance,
 Retailing every circumstance.
 But I, who am not over-nice,
 And always love to be concise,
 Shall let the courteous reader guess
 The squire's accoutrements and drefs.

Suppose we then the gentle youth
 Laid at her feet, all love, all truth ;
 Haranguing it in verse and prose,
 A mount her forehead white with snows,
 Her cheeks the lily and the rose ;
 Her ivory teeth, her coral lips,
 Her well-turn'd ears, whose ruby tips
 Afford a thousand compliments,
 Which he, fond youth, profusely vents :
 The pretty dimple in her chin,
 The den of Love, who lurks within.
 But, oh ! the lustre of her eyes,
 Nor stars, nor moon, nor sun suffice,
 He vows, protests, raves, sinks, and dies.
 Much of her breasts he spoke, and hair,
 In terms most elegant and rare ;
 Call'd her the goddess he ador'd,
 And in heroic fustian soar'd.
 For, though the youth could well explain
 His mind in a more humble strain ;
 Yet Ovid and the wits agree,
 That a true lover's speech should be
 In rapture and in simile.

Imagine

Imagine now, all points put right,
 The fiddles and the wedding-night;
 Each noisy steeple rock'd with glee,
 And every bard sung merrily:
 Gay pleasure wanton'd unconfin'd,
 The men all drunk, the women kind:
 Clod-Hall did ne'er so fine appear,
 Floating in posset and strong beer.

Come, Muse, thou flattern house-wife, tell,
 Where 's our friend John? I hope he 's well;
 Well! Ay, as any man can be,
 With Susan in the gallery.

Sue was a lass buxom and tight,
 The chamber-maid and favourite;
 Juicy and young, just fit for man,
 Thus the sweet dialogue began.

"Lard, sir," quoth Sue, "how brisk, how gay,
 "How spruce our master look'd to-day!

"I'm sure no king was e'er so fine,
 "No sun more gloriously can shine."

"Alas, my dear, all is not gold
 "That glisters, as I've read of old,
 "And all the wise and learned say,
 "The best is not without allay."

"Well, Master John, name if you can
 "A more accomplish'd gentleman.
 "Beside (else may I never thrive)
 "The best good-natur'd squire alive."

(John shrugg'd, and shook his head. "Nay sure
 "You by your looking so demure

"Have

" Have learnt some secret fault ; if so,
" Tell me, good John, nay pr'ythee do,
" Tell me, I say, I long to know.
" Safe as thy gold in thy strong box,
" This breast the dark deposit locks,
" These lips no secrets shall reveal."

}

" Well—let me first affix my seal :
Then kiss'd the soft obliging fair.

" But hold—now I must hear you swear,
" By all your virgin charms below,
" No mortal e'er this tale shall know."

She swore, then thus the cunning knave,
With look most politic and grave,
Proceeds : " Why—faith and troth, dear Sue,

" This jewel has a flaw, 'tis true ;

" My master's generous, and all that,

" Not faulty but unfortunate."

" Why will you keep one in suspense ?

" Why tease one thus ?"—" Have patience.

" The youth has failings, there's no doubt,

" And who, my Suky, is without ?

" But should you tell—nay that I dread"—

" By heaven, and by my maidenhead—

" Now speak, speak quick."—" He who denies

" Those pouting lips, those roguish eyes,

" Must sure be more than man—then know,

" My dearest, since you'll have it so ;

" My master Wild not only talks

" Much in his sleep, but also walks ;

" Walks many a winter night alone,

" This way and that, up stairs and down :

" Now,

64 SOMERVILE'S POEMS.

" Now, if disturb'd, if by surprize
 " He 's rous'd, and slumbers quit his eyes;
 " Lord, how I tremble ! how I dread
 " To speak it ! Thrice beneath the bed,
 " Alas ! to save my life I fled :
 " And twice behind the door I crept,
 " And once out of the window leapt.
 " No raging bedlam just got loose
 " Is half so mad ; about the house
 " Frantic he runs ; each eye-ball glares,
 " He raves, he foams, he wildly stares ;
 " The family before him flies,
 " Whoe'er is overtaken dies.
 " Opiates, and breathing of a vein,
 " Scarce settle his distemper'd brain,
 " And bring him to himself again.
 " But, if not cross'd, if let alone
 " To take his frolick, and be gone ;
 " Soon he returns from whence he came,
 " No lamb more innocent and tame."

Thus having gain'd her point, to bed
 In haste the flickering gipsy fled ;
 The pungent secret in her breast
 Gave such sharp pangs, she could not rest :
 Prim'd, charg'd, and cock'd, her next desire
 Was to present, and to give fire.
 Sleepless the tortur'd Susan lay,
 Tossing and tumbling every way,
 Impatient for the dawn of day.
 So labours in the sacred shade,
 Full of the God, the Delphic maid :

} So wind, in hypocondries pent,
Struggles and heaves to find a vent;
In labyrinths intricate it roars,
Now downward sinks, then upward soars;
Th' uneasy patient groans in vain,
No cordials can relieve his pain;
Till at the postern gate, enlarg'd,
The bursting thunder is discharg'd.
At last the happy hour was come,
When call'd into her lady's room;
Scarce three pins stuck into her gown,
But out it bolts, and all is known.
Nor idle long the secret lies,
From mouth to mouth improv'd it flies,
And grows amain in strength and size:
For Fame, at first of pigmy birth,
Walks cautiously on mother earth;
But soon (as ancient bards have said)
In clouds the giant hides her head.
To council now the gossips went,
Madam herself was president;
Th' affair is banded *pro* and *con*,
Much breath is spent, few conquests won.
At length dame Hobb, to end the strife,
And Madam Blouse the parson's wife,
In this with one consent agree,
That, since th' effect was lunacy
If wak'd, it were by much the best,
Not to disturb him in the least:

Ev'n let him ramble if he please;
 Troth, 'tis a comical disease;
 The worst is to himself: when cold
 And shivering he returns, then fold
 The vagrant in your arms; he'll rest
 With pleasure on your glowing breast.
 Madam approv'd of this advice,
 Issued her orders in a trice;

“ That none henceforth presume to stir,
 “ Or thwart th' unhappy wanderer.”

John, when his master's knock he heard,
 Soon in the dressing-room appear'd,
 Archly he look'd, and sily leer'd.

“ What game?” says Wild. “ Oh! never more,
 “ Pheasants and partridge in great store;
 “ I wish your ammunition last!”

And then reveal'd how all had past.

Next thought it proper to explain
 His plot, and how he laid his train:

“ The coast is clear, sir, go in peace,
 “ No dragon guards the golden fleece.”

Here, Muse, let sable night advance,
 Describe her state with elegance;
 Around her dark pavilion spread
 The clouds; with poppies crown her head;
 Note well her owls, and bats obscene;
 Call her an Æthiopian queen;
 Or, if you think 'twill mend my tale,
 Call her a widow with a veil;

Of specters and hobgoblins tell,
Or say 'twas midnight, 'tis as well.
Well then—'twas midnight, as was said,
When Wild starts upright in his bed,
Leaps out, and, without more ado,
Takes in his room a turn or two;
Opening the door, soon out he stalks,
And to the next apartment walks;
Where on her back there lay poor Sue,
Alas! friend John, she dreamt of you.
Wak'd with the noise, her master known,
By moon-light and his brocade gown,
Frighted she dares not scream, in bed
She sinks, and down she pops her head;
The curtains gently drawn, he springs
Between the sheets, then closely clings.
Now, Muse, relate what there he did;
Hold, impudence!—it must be hid!—
He did—as any man would do
In such a case—Did he not, Sue?
Then up into the garret flies,
Where Joan, and Dol, and Betty lies;
A leash of lasses all together,
And in the dog-days—in hot weather;
Why, faith, 'twas hard—he did his best,
And left to Providence the rest.
Content the passive creatures lie,
For who in duty could deny?
Was non-resistance ever thought
By modern casuists a fault?

Were not her orders strict and plain?
 All struggling dangerous and vain?
 Well, down our younker trips again;
 Much wishing, as he reel'd along,
 For some rich cordial warm and strong.
 In bed he quickly tumbled then,
 Nor wak'd next morn till after ten.
 Thus night by night he led his life,
 Blessing all females but his wife;
 Much work upon his hands there lay,
 More bills were drawn than he could pay;
 No lawyer drudg'd so hard as he,
 In Easter Term, or Hillary;
 But lawyers labour for their fee:
 Here no self-interest or gain,
 The pleasure balances the pain.
 So the great sultan walks among
 His troop of lasses fair and young:
 So the town-bull in Opentide,
 His lowing lovers by his side,
 Revels at large in nature's right,
 Curb'd by no law, but appetite;
 Frisking his tail, he roves at pleasure,
 And knows no stint, and keeps no measure.

But now the ninth revolving moon
 (Alas! it came an age too soon;
 Curse on each hasty fleeting night!)
 Some odd discoveries brought to light.
 Strange tympanies the women seize,
 An epidemical disease;

Madam

Madam herself with these might pass

For a clean-shap'd and taper lass.

'Twas vain to hide th' apparent load,

For hoops were not then *à-la-mode*;

Sue, being question'd, and hard press'd,

Blubbing the naked truth confess'd:

" Were not your orders most severe,

" That none should stop his night-career?

" And who durst wake him? Troth not I;

" I was not then prepar'd to die."

" Well Sue, said she, thou shalt have grace,

" But then this night I take thy place,

" Thou mine, my night-cloaths on thy head,

" Soon shall he leave thee safe in bed:

" Lie still, and stir not on thy life,

" But do the penance of a wife;

" Much pleasure hast thou had; at last

" 'Tis proper for thy sins to fast."

This point agreed, to bed she went,

And Sue crept in, but ill-content:

Soon as th' accustom'd hour was come,

The yokner sally'd from his room,

To Sue's apartment whipt away,

And like a lion seiz'd his prey;

She clasp'd him in her longing arms,

Sharp-set, she feasted on his charms.

He did whate'er he could; but more

Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*

Fain would he now elope, she clasp'd

Him still, no burr e'er stuck so fast.

At length the morn with envious light
 Discover'd all : in what sad plight
 Poor man, he lay ! abash'd, for shame
 He could not speak, not ev'n one lame
 Excuse was left. She, with a grace
 That gave new beauties to her face ;
 And with a kind obliging air
 (Always successful in the fair,)
 Thus soon reliev'd him from despair.

- “ Ah ! generous youth, pardon a fault,
 “ No foolish jealousy has taught ;
 “ 'Tis your own crime, open as day,
 “ To your conviction paves the way.
 “ Oh ! might this stratagem regain
 “ Your love ! let me not plead in vain ;
 “ Something to gratitude is due,
 “ Have I not given all to you ?”

Tom star'd, look'd pale, then in great haste
 Slipp'd on his gown ; yet thus at last
 Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he stood,
 “ I will, my dear, be very good.”

THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT:

A T A L E.

IN days of yore, when belles and beaux
 Left masquerades and puppet-shows,
 Deserted ombre and basset,
 At Jonathan's to squeeze and sweat ;

When

When sprightly rakes forsook champaign,
 The play-house, and the merry main,
 Good mother Wyburn and the stews,
 To smoke with brokers, stink with Jews:
 In fine, when all the world run mad
 (A story not less true than fad);
 Ned Smart, a virtuous youth, well known
 To all this chaste and sober town,
 Got every penny he could rally,
 To try his fortune in Change-Alley:
 In haste to loll in coach and six.
 Bought bulls and bears, play'd twenty tricks,
 Amongst his brother lunaticks.
 Transported at his first success,
 A thousand whims his fancy bless,
 With scenes of future happiness.
 How frail are all our joys below!
 Mere dazzling meteors, flash and show!
 Oh, Fortune! false deceitful whore!
 Caught in thy trap with thousands more,
 He found his rhino funk and gone,
 Himself a bankrupt, and undone.
 Ned could not well digest this change,
 Forc'd in the world at large to range;
 With Babel's monarch turn'd to grass,
 Would it not break an heart of brass?
 'Tis vain to sob and hang the lip;
 One penny left, he buys a slip,
 At once his life and cares to lose,
 Under his ear he fits the noose.

An hook in an old wall he spies,
 To that the fatal rope he ties:
 Like Curtius now, at one bold leap,
 He plung'd into the gaping deep;
 Nor did he doubt in hell to find,
 Dealings more just, and friends more kind.
 As he began to twist and sprawl,
 The loosen'd stones break from the wall;
 Down drops the rake upon the spot,
 And after him an earthen pot:
 Reeling he rose, and gaz'd around,
 And saw the crock lie on the ground;
 Surpriz'd, amaz'd, at this odd sight,
 Trembling, he broke it in a fright;
 When, lo! at once came pouring forth
 Ingots, and pearls, and gems of worth.
 O'erjoy'd with Fortune's kind bequest,
 He took the birds, but left the nest;
 And then, to spy what might ensue,
 Into a neighbouring wood withdrew;
 Nor waited long. For soon he sees
 A tall black man skulk through the trees;
 He knew him by his shuffling pace,
 His thread-bare coat and hatchet face:
 And who the devil should it be,
 But sanctify'd Sir Timothy!
 His uncle by his mother's side,
 His guardian, and his faithful guide.
 This driveling knight, with pockets full,
 And proud as any Great Mogul,

For his wise conduct had been made
Director of the jobbing trade:
And had most piously drawn in
Poor Ned and all his nearest kin.
The greedy fools laid out their gold,
And bought the very stock he sold;
Thus the kind knave convey'd their pelf,
By *hocus pocus*, to himself;
And, to secure the spoils he got,
Form'd this contrivance of the pot.
Here every night, and every morn,
Devout as any monk new shorn,
The prostrate hypocrite implores
Just heaven to bless his hidden stores;
But, when he saw dear mammon flown,
The plunder'd hive, the honey gone,
No jilted bully, no bilk'd hack,
No thief when beadles flay his back,
No losing rook, no carted whore,
No sailor when the billows roar,
With such a grace e'er curs'd and swore.
Then, as he por'd upon the ground,
And turn'd his haggard eyes around,
The halter at his feet he spy'd,
"And is this all that's left?" he cry'd:
"Am I thus paid for all my cares,
"My lectures, repetitions, prayers?
"'Tis well—there's something sav'd at least,
"Welcome, thou faithful, friendly guest;

" If

" If I must hang, now all is lost,
 " 'Tis cheaper at another's cost;
 " To do it at my own expence,
 " Would be downright extravagance."

Thus comforted, without a tear,
 He fix'd the noose beneath his ear,
 To the next bough the rope he ty'd,
 And most heroically dy'd.

Ned, who behind a spreading tree,
 Beheld this tragi-comedy,

With hearty curses rung his knell,
 And bid him thus his last farewell.

" Was it not, uncle, very kind,

" In me, to leave the rope behind?

" A legacy so well bestow'd,

" For all the gratitude I ow'd.

" Adieu, Sir Tim; by heaven's decree,

" Soon may thy brethren follow thee,

" In the same glorious manner swing,

" Without one friend to cut the string;

" That hence rapacious knaves may know,

" Justice is always sure, though slow."

A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH:

A T A L E.

JACK DIMPLE was a merry blade,
 Young, amorous, witty, and well-made;
 Discreet?—Hold, fir—nay, as I live,
 My friend, you're too inquisitive:

Discretion,

Discretion, all men must agree,
Is a most shining quality,
Which like leaf-gold makes a great show,
And thinly spread sets-off a beau.
But, sir, to put you out of pain,
Our youngker had not half a grain,
A leaky blab, rash, faithless, vain.
The victories his eyes had won,
As soon as e'er obtain'd, were known;
For trophies rear'd, the deed proclaim,
Spoils hung on high expose the dame,
And love is sacrific'd to fame.
Such insolence the sex alarms,
The female world is up in arms;
Th' outrageous Bacchanals combine,
And brandish'd tongues in concert join.
Unhappy youth! where wilt thou go
T' escape so terrible a foe?
Seek shelter on the Libyan shore,
Where tigers and where lions roar?
Sleep on the borders of the Nile,
And trust the wily crocodile?
'Tis vain to shun a woman's hate,
Heavy the blow, and sure as fate.
Phyllis appear'd among the crowd,
But not so talkative and loud,
With silence and with care suppress
The glowing vengeance in her breast,
Resolv'd, by stratagem and art,
To make the saucy villain smart.

The

The cunning baggage had prepar'd
 Pomatum, of the finest lard,
 With strong astringents mix'd the mess,
 Alom, and vitriol, *Q. S.*
 Arsenick, and bole. But I want time
 To turn all Quincy into rhyme,
 'Twould make my diction too sublime.
 Her grandame this receipt had taught,
 Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,
 An able styptick (as 'tis said)
 To sodder a crack'd maidenhead.
 This ointment being duly made,
 The jilt upon her toilet laid:
 The fauntering cully soon appears,
 As usual, vows, protests, and swears;
 Careless an opera tune he hums,
 Plunders her patch-box, breaks her combs.
 As up and down the monkey play'd,
 His hand upon the box he laid,
 The fatal box. Pleas'd with her wiles,
 The treacherous Pandora smiles.
 "What's this?" cries Jack. "That box!" said she:
 "Pomatum; what else should it be?"
 But here 'tis fit my reader knows
 'Twas March, when blustering Boreas blows,
 Stern enemy to belles and beaux.
 His lips were fore; rough, pointed, torn,
 The coral bristled like a thorn.
 Pleas'd with a cure so *à-propos*,
 Nor jealous of so fair a foe,

The healing ointment thick he spread,
And every gaping cranny fed.
His chops begin to glow and shoot,
He strove to speak, but, oh! was mute,
Mute as a fish, all he could strain,
Were some horse gutturals forc'd with pain.
He stamps, he raves, he sobs, he sighs,
The tears ran trickling from his eyes;
He thought but could not speak a curse,
His lips were drawn into a purse.
Madam no longer could contain,
Triumphant joy bursts out amain;
She laughs, she screams, the house is rais'd,
Through all the street th' affair is blaz'd:
In shoals now all the neighbours come,
Laugh out, and press into the room.
Sir Harry Taudry and his bride,
Miss Tulip deck'd in all her pride;
Wife Madam Froth, and widow Babble,
Coquettes and prudes, a mighty rabble.
So great a concourse ne'er was known
At Smithfield, when a monster's shown;
When bears dance jiggs with comely mien,
When witty Punch adorns the scene,
Or frolick Pug plays Harlequin.
In vain he strives to hide his head,
In vain he creeps behind the bed,
Ferreted thence, expos'd to view,
The crowd their clamorous shouts renew:

A thou-

78 SOMERVILE'S POEMS.

A thousand taunts, a thousand jeers,
 Stark dumb, the passive creature hears.
 No perjur'd villain nail'd on high,
 And pelted in the pillory,
 His face besmear'd, his eyes, his chops,
 With rotten eggs and turnip-tops,
 Was e'er so maul'd. Phyllis, at last,
 To pay him for offences past,
 With sneering malice in her face,
 Thus spoke, and gave the *coup de grace*:
 " Lard! how demure, and how precise
 " He looks! silence becomes the wise.
 " Vile tongue! its master to betray,
 " But now the prisoner must obey,
 " I've lock'd the door, and keep the key.
 " Learn hence, what angry woman can,
 " When wrong'd by that false traitor man;
 " Who boasts our favours, soon or late,
 " The treacherous blab shall feel our hate."

THE WISE BUILDER:

A T A L E.

WISE Socrates had built a farm,
 Little, convenient, snug, and warm,
 Secur'd from rain and wind:
 A gallant whisper'd in his ear,
 " Shall the great Socrates live here,
 " To this mean cell confin'd?"

" The

“ The furniture’s my chiefest care,”
 Reply’d the sage; “ here’s room to spare,
 “ Sweet sir, for I and you;
 “ When this with faithful friends is fill’d,
 “ An ampler palace I shall build;
 “ Till then, this cot must do.”

The true Use of the LOOKING-GLASS.

A T A L E.

TOM CAREFUL had a son and heir,
 Exact his shape, genteel his air,
 Adonis was not half so fair.

But then, alas! his daughter Jane
 Was but so-so, a little plain.

In mam’s apartment, as one day
 The little romp and hoyden play,
 Their faces in the glass they view’d,
 Which then upon her toilet stood;
 Where, as Narcissus vain, the boy
 Beheld each rising charm with joy;
 With partial eyes survey’d himself,
 But for his sister, poor brown elf,
 On her the self-enamour’d chit
 Was very lavish of his wit.

She bore, alas! whate’er she could,
 But ’twas too much for flesh and blood;
 What female ever had the grace
 To pardon scandal on her face?

Discon-

Disconsolate away she flies,
 And at her daddy's feet she lies;
 Sighs, sobs, and groans, calls to her aid,
 And tears, that readily obey'd;
 Then aggravates the vile offence,
 Exerting all her eloquence:
 The cause th' indulgent father heard,
 And culprit summon'd soon appear'd;
 Some tokens of remorse he show'd,
 And promis'd largely to be good.
 As both the tender father press'd
 With equal ardour to his breast,
 And smiling kiss'd, "Let there be peace,"
 Said he; "let broils and discord cease:
 " Each day, my children, thus employ
 " The faithful mirror; you, my boy,
 " Remember that no vice disgrace
 " The gift of heaven, that beauteous face:
 " And you, my girl, take special care
 " Your want of beauty to repair
 " By virtue, which alone is fair."

MAHOMET ALI BEG:

Or, the FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

A LONG descent, and noble blood,
 Is but a vain fantastic good,
 Unless with inbred virtues join'd,
 An honest, brave, and generous mind.

All that our ancestors have done,
Nations reliev'd, and battles won;
The trophies of each bloody field,
Can only then true honour yield,
When, like Argyll, we scorn to owe,
And pay that lustre they bestow;
But, if, a mean degenerate race,
Slothful we faint, and slack our pace,
Lag in the glorious course of fame,
Their great atchievements we disclaim.
Some bold plebeian soon shall rise,
Stretch to the goal, and win the prize.
For, since the forming hand of old,
Cast all mankind in the same mold;
Since no distinguish'd clan is blest
With finer porcelain than the rest;
And since in all the ruling mind
Is of the same celestial kind;
'Tis education shews the way
Each latent beauty to display;
Each happy genius brings to light,
Conceal'd before in shades of night:
So diamonds from the gloomy mine,
Taught by the workman's hand to shine,
On Cloe's ivory bosom blaze,
Or grace the crown with brilliant rays.
Merit obscure shall raise its head,
Though dark obstructing clouds o'erspread;
Heroes, as yet unsung, shall fight
For slaves oppress'd, and injur'd right;

And able statesmen prop the throne,
To Battle-Abbey-Roll * unknown.

Sha Abbas, with supreme command,
In Persia reign'd, and blest'd the land;
A mighty prince, valiant, and wise,
Expert, with sharp discerning eyes,
To find true virtue in disguise.
Hunting (it seems) was his delight,
His joy by day, his dream by night:
The sport of all the brave and bold,
From Nimrod, who, in days of old,
Made men as well as beasts his prey,
To mightier George, whose milder sway
Glad happy crowds with pride obey.
In quest of his fierce savage foes,
Before the sun the monarch rose,
The grizly lion to engage,
By baying dogs provok'd to rage;
In the close thicket to explore,
And push from thence the bristled boar:
Or to pursue the flying deer,
While deep-mouth'd hounds the vallies chear;
And echo from repeating hills
His heart with joy redoubled fills.

Under a rock's projecting shade,
A shepherd boy his seat had made,

* A record which contained the names of the chief
men that came over with the Conqueror.

Happy as Crœsus on his throne,
 The riches of the world his own.
 Content on mortals here below,
 Is all that heaven can bestow.
 His crook and scrip were by him laid,
 Upon his oaten pipe he play'd;
 His flocks securely couch'd around,
 And seem'd to listen to the sound.
 Returning from the chace one day,
 The king by chance had lost his way:
 Nor guards, nor nobles, now attend;
 But one young lord, his bosom friend.
 Now tir'd with labour, spent with heat,
 They sought this pleasant cool retreat;
 The boy leap'd active from his seat,
 And, with a kind obliging grace,
 Offer'd the king unknown his place.
 The Persian monarch, who so late,
 Lord of the world, rul'd all in state;
 On cloth of gold and tissue trod,
 Whole nations trembling at his nod;
 With diamonds and with rubies crown'd,
 And girt with fawning slaves around;
 Behold him now: his canopy
 Th' impending rock, each shrub, each tree,
 That grew upon its shaggy brow,
 To their great prince observant bow;
 Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,
 And bless him with a friendly shade,

On the bare flint, he sits alone,
 And, oh! would kings this truth but own,
 The safer and the nobler throne!
 But where do I digress? 'tis time
 To check this arrogance of rhyme.
 As the judicious monarch view'd
 The stripling's air, nor bold nor rude,
 With native modesty subdued;
 The blush that glow'd in all its pride
 Then trembled on his cheeks and dy'd.
 He grew inquisitive to trace
 What soul dwelt in that lovely case:
 To every question, serious, gay,
 The youth reply'd without delay;
 His answers for the most part right,
 And taking, if not apposite:
 Unstudy'd, unaffected sense,
 Mix'd with his native diffidence.
 The king was charm'd with such a prize,
 And stood with wonder in his eyes;
 Commits his treasure to the care
 Of the young lord; bids him not spare
 For cost, or pains, t' enrich his breast
 With all the learning of the East.
 He bow'd, obey'd, well-cloath'd, well-fed,
 And with his patron's children bred;
 Still every day the youth improv'd,
 By all admir'd, by all belov'd.

Now the first curling down began
 To give the promise of a man;

To

To court he's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
In lower posts, yet still he gain'd
By candour, courtesy, and skill,
The subjects love, the king's good-will.
Employ'd in greater matters now,
No flatteries, no bribes, could bow
His stubborn soul; true to his trust,
Firm, and inexorably just,
In judgment ripe, he soon became
A Walpole, or a Walsingham;
And, wakeful for the public peace,
No dragon guards the golden fleece
With half that vigilance and care.
His busy eyes kenn'd every where;
In each dark scheme knew how to dive,
Though cunning Dervises contrive
Their plots, disguis'd with shams and lies,
And cloak'd with real perjuries.
Now high in rank the peer is plac'd,
And Ali Beg with titles grac'd;
No bounds his master's bounties know,
His swelling coffers overflow,
And he is puzzled to bestow;
Perplex'd and studious to contrive
To whom, and how, not what to give;
His pious frauds conceal the name,
And screen the modest man from shame.
Who e'er would heavenly treasures raise,
Must grant the boon, escape the praise.

But his immense and endless gain
No private charities could drain:
On public works he fix'd his mind,
The zealous friend of human kind.
Convenient inns on each great road
At his own proper costs endow'd,
To weary caravans afford
Refreshment, both at bed and board.
From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,
Nations remote with Ali dine;
In various tongues his bounty's blest,
While with surprize the stranger guest
Does here on unbought dainties feast:
See stately palaces arise,
And gilded domes invade the skies.
Say, Muse, what lords inhabit here?
Nor favourite eunuch, prince, nor peer?
The poor, the lame, the blind, the sick,
The idiot, and the lunatick.
He curb'd each river's swelling pride,
O'er the reluctant murmuring tide
From bank to bank his bridges stride.
A thousand gracious deeds were done,
Bury'd in silence and unknown.

At length, worn out with years and care,
Sha Abbas dy'd; left his young heir
Sha Sefi, unexperienc'd, raw,
By his stern father kept in awe;
To the seraglio's walls confin'd,
Barr'd from the converse of mankind.

Strange

Strange jealousy! a certain rule,
To breed a tyrant and a fool.
Still Ali was prime minister,
But had not much his master's ear;
Walk'd on unfaithful, slippery ground,
Till an occasion could be found
To pick a quarrel; then, no doubt,
As is the mode at court—turn out.
Sha Sefi, among eunuchs bred,
With them convers'd, by them was led;
Beardless, half-men! in whose false breasts,
Nor joy, nor love, nor friendship, rests.
There spight and pining envy dwell,
And rage as in their native hell;
For, conscious of their own disgrace
Each excellence they would debase,
And vent their spleen on human race.
This Ali found. Strange senseless lies
And inconsistent calumnies
They buz into the monarch's ears,
And he believes all that he hears.
“Great prince,” said they, “Ali, your slave—
“Whom we acknowledge wise and brave—
“Yet pardon us—we can't but see
“His boundless pride and vanity:
“His bridges triumph o'er each tide,
“In their own channels taught to glide.
“Each beggar, and each lazy drone,
“His subject, more than yours, is grown:

" And for a palace leaves his cell,
 " Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.
 " His inns for travellers provide,
 " Strangers are lifted on his side :
 " In his own house how grand the scene !
 " Tissues and velvets are too mean,
 " Gold; jewels, pearls, unheard expence !
 " Suspected, bold, magnificence !
 " Whence can this flood of riches flow ?
 " Examine his accounts, you 'll know :
 " Your eye on your exchequer cast,
 " The secret will come out at last."

Ali next morn (for 'twas his way
 To rise before the dawn of day)
 Went early to the council-board,
 Prostrate on earth, his king ador'd.
 The king, with countenance severe,
 Look'd sternly on his minister :
 " Ali," said he, " I have been told,
 " Great treasures, both in gems and gold,
 " Were left, and trusted to your care ;
 " 'Mong these, one gem exceeding rare,
 " I long to view; which was (they said)
 " A present from the sultan made,
 " The finest that the world e'er saw,
 " White, large, and fair, without a flaw."
 Th' unblemish'd Ali thus reply'd,
 " Great sir! it cannot be deny'd,
 " 'Tis brilliant, beautiful, and clear,
 " The Great Mogul has not its peer.

" Please

“ Please it your majesty, to go
“ Into the treasury below,
“ You ’il wonder at its piercing ray,
“ The sun gives not a nobler day.”
Together now they all descend ;
Poor Ali had no other friend,
But a soul faithful to its trust,
The sure asylum of the just.
In proper classes now are seen
The diamonds bright, and emeralds green ;
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, next appear,
Dispos’d in rows with nicest care.
The king views all with curious eyes,
Applauds with wonder and surprize,
Their order and peculiar grace,
Each thing adapted to its place ;
The rest with envious leer behold,
And stumble upon bars of gold.
Next, in an amber box, is shown
The noblest jewel of the crown :
“ This, sir,” said he, “ believe your slave,
“ Is the fine gem the sultan gave ;
“ Around it darts its beams of light,
“ No comet e’er was half so bright.”
The king with joy the gem admires,
Well-pleas’d, and half-convinc’d, retires.
“ Ali,” said he, “ with you I dine ;
“ Your furniture, I ’m told, is fine.”
Wife Ali, for this favour show’d,
Humbly with lowest reverence bow’d.

At

At Ali's house now every hand
Is busy at their lord's command ;
Where at th' appointed hour resort
The king and all his splendid court.
Ali came forth his prince to meet,
And, lowly bowing, kiss'd his feet.
On all his compliments bestows,
Civil alike to friends and foes.
The king, impatient to behold
His furniture of gems and gold,
From room to room the chase pursued,
With curious eyes each corner view'd,
Ransack'd th' apartments o'er and o'er,
Each closet search'd, unlock'd each door ;
But all he found was plain and coarse,
The meanest Persian scarce had worse ;
These Ali for convenience bought,
Nor for expensive trifles sought.
One door a prying eunuch spy'd,
With bars and locks well fortify'd,
And now, secure to find the prize,
Shew'd it the king with joyful eyes.
" Ali," said he, " that citadel,
" Is strong, and baricadoed well ?
" What have you there ?" Ali reply'd,
" Oh, sir, there 's lodg'd my greatest pride ;
" There are the gems I value most,
" And all the treasures I can boast."

All now convinc'd of his disgrace,
Triumph appear'd in every face.

The monarch doubted now no more ;
The keys are brought, unlock'd the door,
When, lo! upon the wall appear
His shepherd's weeds hung up with care,
Nor crook nor scrip was wanting there ;
Nor pipe that tun'd his humble laps,
Sweet solace of his better days !
Then, bowing low, he touch'd his breast,
And thus the wondering king address'd :
" Great Prince ! your Ali is your slave,
" To you belong whate'er I have ;
" Goods, house, are yours, nay yours this head,
" For speak the word, and I am dead :
" These moveables, and these alone,
" I may with justice call my own.
" Your royal fire, Abbas the Great,
" Whom nations prostrate at his feet
" On earth ador'd ; whose soul at rest,
" In paradise a welcome guest,
" * Enjoys its full, and fragrant bowers,
" Or wantons upon beds of flowers,
" While the pure stream, in living rills,
" From rocks of adamant distils,
" And black-ey'd nymphs attend his nod,
" Fair daughters of that blest abode :
" By his command, I left the plain,
" An humble, but contented swain.

* Such is the Paradise the Turks expect.

" Nor

" Nor fought I wealth, nor power, nor place;
 " All these were owing to his grace;
 " 'Twas his mere bounty made me great,
 " And fix'd me here, in this high seat,
 " The mark of envy. Much he gave,
 " But yet of nought depriv'd his slave:
 " He touch'd not these. Alas! whose spite,
 " Whose avarice, would these excite?
 " My old, hereditary right!
 " Grant me but these, Great Prince, once more,
 " Grant me the pleasure to be poor,
 " This scrip, these homely weeds, I'll wear,
 " The bleating flocks shall be my care;
 " Th' employ that did my youth engage,
 " Shall be the comfort of my age."

The king, amaz'd at such a scorn
 Of riches, in a shepherd born;
 " How soars that soul," said he, " above
 " The courtier's hate, or monarch's love!
 " No power such virtue can efface,
 " No jealous malice shall disgrace.
 " Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,
 " But this is to be truly great."

While tears ran trickling down his face,
 He clasp'd him in a close embrace;
 Then caus'd himself to be undrest,
 And cloath'd him in his royal vest:
 The greatest honour he could give,
 Or Persian subjects can receive.

THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

TELL me, my noble generous friend,
With what design, and to what end,
Do greedy fools heap up with care
That pelf, which they want heart to share?
What other pleasure can they know,
But to enjoy, or to bestow?
Acts of benevolence and love
Give us a taste of heaven above;
We imitate th' immortal powers,
Whose sun-shine, and whose kindly showers,
Refresh the poor and barren ground,
And plant a Paradise around:
But this mean, sneaking avarice,
Is a collection of all vice.
Where this foul weed but taints the place,
Nor virtue grows, nor worth, nor grace;
The soul a desert waste remains,
And ghastly desolation reigns.
But where will these grave morals tend?
Pardon my zeal, dear courteous friend;
The province of my humbler vein,
Is not to preach, but entertain.
Gripe, from the cradle to the grave,
Was good for nothing, but to save;
Mammon his God, to him alone
He bow'd, and his short creed was known:

On

On his thumb-nail it might be wrote,
 " A penny fav'd 's a penny got."
 This rich poor man was jogging down,
 Once on a time, from London town;
 With him his son, a handy lad:
 To drefs his daddy—or his pad:
 Among his dealers he had been,
 And all their ready cash swept clean.
 Gripe, to save charges on the road,
 At each good house cramm'd in a load;
 With boil'd and roast his belly fill'd,
 And greedily each tankard swill'd:
 How favoury, how sweet the meat!
 How good the drink when others treat!

Now on the road Gripe trots behind,
 For weighty reasons (as you 'll find):
 The boy soon long'd to take a whet,
 His horse at each sign made a set,
 And he spurr'd on with great regret.
 This the old man observ'd with pain,
 " Ah! son," said he, " the way to gain
 " Wealth (our chief good) is to abstain;
 " Check each expensive appetite,
 " And make the most of every mite:
 " Consider well, my child, O think
 " What numbers are undone by drink!
 " Hopeful young men! who might be great,
 " Die well, and leave a large estate;
 " But, by lewd comrades led astray,
 " Guzzling, throw all their means away.

" Tom

" Tom Dash, of parts acute and rare,
" Can split a fraction to a hair;
" Knows Wingate better than his creed,
" Can draw strong ale, or a weak deed;
" By precedents a bond can write,
" Or an indenture tripartite;
" Can measure land, pasture, or wood,
" Yet never purchas'd half a rood.
" Whom all these liberal arts adorn,
" Is he not rich! as sheep new shorn!
" The reason need not far be sought,
" For three pence gain'd, he spends a groat.
" There's Billy Blowse, that merry fellow,
" So wondrous witty when he's mellow;
" Ale and mundungus, in despite
" Of nature, make the clown polite.
" When those rich steams chafe his dull head,
" What flowers shoot up in that hot-bed!
" His jests, when fogs his temples shrowd,
" Like the sun bursting through a cloud,
" Blaze out, and dazzle all the crowd:
" They laugh, each wag's exceeding gay,
" While he, poor ninny! jokes away
" By night, whate'er he gets by day.
" To these examples I might add
" A squire or two, troth full as bad;
" Who, doom'd by heaven for their sins,
" Mind nothing but their nipperkins:
" But these, at this time, shall suffice;
" Be saving, boy, that is, be wise."

Now,

Now, Muse, come hold thy nose, and tell
 What doleful accident befel;
 His horse set hard, an antient hack,
 That twice ten years carry'd a pack,
 But such a cargo ne'er before;
 He had him cheap, and kept him poor;
 His bowels stuf't with too much meat,
 He sat uneasy in his seat,
 And riggled often to an fro,
 With painful gripings gnaw'd below.
 His distance yet in hope to gain,
 For the next inn he spurs amain;
 In haste alights, and skuds away,
 But time and tide for no man stay.
 No means can save whom heaven has curst,
 For out th' impetuous torrent burst.
 Struck dumb, aghast at first he stood,
 And scratch'd his head in pensive mood:
 But, wisely judging 'twas in vain
 To make an outcry, and complain,
 Of a bad bargain made the best,
 And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.
 Back he return'd with rueful face,
 And shuffled through the house apace;
 My landlady screams out in haste,
 "Old gentleman, ho!—where so fast?
 "Before you go, pray pay your shot,
 "This young man here has drunk a pot."
 "A pot!" said Gripe; "oh, the young rogue!
 "Ah, ruinous, expensive dog!"

And,

And, muttering curses in his ear,
 Look'd like a witch with hellish leer;
 But, finding 'twas in vain to fret,
 Pull'd out his catskin, paid the debt.

This point adjusted, on they fare,
 Ambrosial sweets perfume the air:
 The younker, by the fragrant scent,
 Perceiving now how matters went,
 Laugh'd inwardly, could scarce contain,
 And kept his countenance with pain.
 At last he cries, "Now, sir, an't please,
 "I hope you're better, and at ease."
 "Better, you booby!—'tis all out"—
 "What's out?" said he. "You drunken lout!
 "All in my trowsers—well—no matter—
 "Not great—th' expence of soap and water;
 "This charge—if times are not too hard,
 "By management may be repair'd:
 "But, oh! that damn'd confounded pot!
 "Extravagant, audacious sot;
 "This, this indeed, my soul does grieve,
 "There's two-pence lost without retrieve!"

THE INCURIOUS BENCHER.

AT Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
 And lay their laurels at her feet;
 The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
 They bow, and by whose aid they dine:

VOL. XLI.

H

Colonel

Colonel Brocade among the rest
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night as carelessly he stood,

Chearing his reins before the fire,
(So every true-born Briton should)

Like that, he chaf'd, and sum'd, with ire.

"Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard,

"That no man's honour can be spar'd ;

"If I but sup with Lady Dutchess,

"Or play a game at ombre, such is

"The malice of the world, 'tis said,

"Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,

"'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.

"If Madam Doodle would be witty,

"And I am summon'd to the city,

"To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,

"What won't such hellish malice do ?

"If I but catch her in a corner,

"Humph—'tis, Your servant, Colonel Horner:

"But rot the sneering fops, if e'er

"I prove it, it shall cost them dear ;

"I swear by this dead-doing blade,

"Dreadful examples shall be made :

"What—can't they drink bohea and cream,

"But (d—n them) I must be their theme ?

"Other mens business let alone,

"Why should not coxcombs mind their own."

As thus he rav'd with all his might

(How insecure from Fortune's spight,

Alas! is every mortal wight !)

To shew his antient spleen to Mars,
 Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—
 Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet !
 And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
 Hard by, and in the corner, fate
 A Bencher grave, with look sedate,
 Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
 And reading over last week's post ;
 He saw the foe the fort invade,
 And soon smelt out the breach he made :
 But not a word—a little fly
 He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
 A side-long glance sometimes he sent,
 To bring him news, and watch th' event.
 At length, upon that tender part

Where honour lodges (as of old
 Authentic Hudibras has told)

The blustering colonel felt a smart.
 Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
 Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounc'd about the room ;
 Then turning short, " Zounds, fir !" he cries—
 " Pox on him, had the fool no eyes ?
 " What ! let a man be burnt alive !"
 " I am not, fir, inquisitive"

(Reply'd Sir Gravity) " to know
 " Whate'er your honour 's pleas'd to do ;
 " If you will burn your tail to tinder,
 " Pray what have I to do to hinder ?
 " Other mens business let alone,

" Why should not coxcombs mind their own ?"

H z

Then,

Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And, wrapping round his frieze furtout,
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

THE BUSY INDOLENT:

A T A L E.

JACK CARELESS was a man of parts,
Well-skill'd in the politer arts,
With judgment read, with humour writ:
Among his friends past for a wit:
But lov'd his ease more than his meat,
And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
T' expose themselves by being great.
At no levees the suppliant bow'd;
Nor courted for their votes the crowd:
Nor riches nor preferment sought,
Did what he pleas'd, spoke what he thought.
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not spend, to give:
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the state, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never saw;
Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
And push the French on Blenheim's plain;
Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never stirr'd from home:

'Tis

'Tis true he travel'd with great care,
 The tour of Europe—in his chair.
 Was loth to part without his load,
 Or move till morning peep'd abroad.

One day this honest, idle rake,
 Nor quite asleep, nor well awake,
 Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
 And building castles in the air,
 His nipperkin (the port was good)
 Half empty at his elbow stood,
 When a strange noise offends his ear,
 The din increas'd as it came near,
 And in his yard at last he view'd
 Of farmers a great multitude;
 Who that day, walking of their rounds,
 Had disagreed about their bounds;
 And sure the difference must be wide,
 Where each does for himself decide.
 Vollies of oaths in vain they swear,
 Which burst like guiltless bombs in air;
 And, "Thou'rt a knave!" and, "Thou'rt an oaf!"
 Is banded round with truth enough.
 At length they mutually agree,
 His worship should be referee,
 Which courteous (Jack consents to be:
 Though for himself he would not budge,)
 Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
 A conscience of this point he made,
 With pleasure readily obey'd,
 And shot like lightning to their aid.

The farmers, summon'd to his room,
 Bowing with aukward reverence come.
 In his great chair his worship fate,
 A grave and able magistrate:
 Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
 And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
 In a short speech, he first computes
 The vast expence of law-disputes,
 And everlasting chancery-suits.
 With zeal and warmth he railly'd then
 Pack'd juries, sheriffs, tales-men;
 And recommended in the close,
 Good-neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
 Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,
 Perus'd records, heard evidence,
 Observ'd, reply'd, hit every blot,
 Unravel'd every Gordian knot;
 With great activity and parts,
 Inform'd their judgements, won their hearts:
 And, without fees, or time mispent,
 By strength of ale and argument,
 Dispatch'd them home, friends and content.

Trusty, who at his elbow fate,
 And with surprize heard the debate,
 Astonish'd, could not but admire
 His strange dexterity and fire;
 His wise discernment and good sense,
 His quickness, ease, and eloquence.
 "Lord! sir," said he, "I can't but chide:
 "What useful talents do you hide!"

"In

" In half an hour you have done more
 " Than Puzzle can in half a score,
 " With all the practice of the courts,
 " His cases, precedents, reports."
 Jack with a smile reply'd, " 'Tis true,
 " This may seem odd, my friend, to you,
 " But give me not more than my due.
 " No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
 " But hastens to decide the cause:
 " Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
 " Will struggle to be free again.
 " So lazy men and indolent,
 " With cares oppress'd, and business spent,
 " Exert their utmost powers and skill,
 " Work hard; for what? Why, to sit still.
 " They toil, they sweat, they want no fee,
 " For ev'n sloth prompts to industry.
 " Therefore, my friend, I freely own
 " All this address I now have shown,
 " Is mere impatience, and no more,
 " To lounge and loiter as before:
 " Life is a span, the world an inn—
 " Here, firrah, t' other nipperkin."

THE YEOMAN OF KENT:

A T A L E.

A YEOMAN bold (suppose of Kent)
 Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent;
 Manur'd his own paternal land,
 Had always money at command,

To purchase bargains, or to lend,
 T' improve his stock, or help a friend:
 At Cressy and Poitiers, of old,
 His ancestors were bow-men bold;
 Whose good yew-bows, and sinews strong,
 Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long;
 For England's glory, strew'd the plain
 With barons, counts, and princes slain.
 Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,
 For his delight was doing good:
 At every mart his word a law,
 Kept all the shuffling knaves in awe.
 How just is heaven, and how true,
 To give to such desert its due!
 'Tis in authentic legends said,
 Two twins at once had blest'd his bed;
 Frank was the eldest, but the other
 Was honest Numps, his younger brother;
 That, with a face effeminate,
 And shape too fine and delicate,
 Took after his fond mother Kate,
 A Franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,
 No heart of oak was half so tough,
 And true as steel, to cuff, or kick,
 Or play a bout at double-stick,
 Who but friend Numps? While Frank's delight
 Was more (they say) to dance, than fight;
 At Whitson-ales king of the May,
 Among the maids, brisk, frolic, gay,
 He tript it on each holyday.

Their

Their genius different, Frank would roam
To town; but Numps, he staid at home.
The youth was forward, apt to learn,
Could soon an honest living earn;
Good company would always keep,
Was known to Falstaff in East-cheap;
Threw many a merry main, could bully,
And put the doctor on his cully;
Ply'd hard his work, and learnt the way,
To watch all night, and sleep all day.
Flush'd with success, new rigg'd, and clean,
Polite his air, genteel his mien:
Accomplish'd thus in every part,
He won a buxom widow's heart.
Her fortune narrow; and too wide,
Alas! lay her concerns, her pride:
Great as a dutcheffs, she would scorn
Mean fare, a gentlewoman born;
Poor and expensive! on my life
'Twas but the devil of a wife.
Yet Frank, with what he won by night,
A while liv'd tolerably tight;
And spouse, who sometimes sate till morn
At cribbage, made a good return.
While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,
She laid a bantling to the youth;
But whether 'twas his own or no,
My authors don't pretend to know.
His charge enhanc'd, 'tis also true
A lying-in's expensive too,

In

In cradles, whittles, spice-bowls, sack,
 Whate'er the wanton gossips lack;
 While scandal thick as hail-shot flies,
 Till peaceful bumpers seal their eyes.
 Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
 And visit the good man his fire;
 In the stage-coach he seats himself,
 Loaded with madam and her elf;
 In her right hand the coral plac'd,
 Her lap a China orange grac'd:
 Pap for the babe was not forgot;
 And lullaby's melodious note,
 That warbled in his ears all day,
 Shorten'd the rugged, tedious way.

Frank, to the mansion-house now come,
 Rejoic'd to find himself at home;
 Neighbours around, and cousins went
 By scores, to pay their compliment.
 The good old man was kind, 'tis true,
 But yet a little shock'd, to view
 A squire so fine, a sight so new.
 But above all, the lady fair
 Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare;
 Scarce a shrieve's wife at an assize
 Was dress'd so fine, so roll'd her eyes:
 And master too in all his pride.
 His silver rattle by his side,
 Would shake it oft, then shrilly scream,
 More noisy than the yeoman's team;
 With tassels and with plumes made proud,
 While jingling bells ring out aloud.

The good old dame, ravish'd out-right,
Ev'n doated on so gay a fight;
Her Frank, as glorious as the morn;
Poor Numps was look'd upon with scorn.

With other eyes the yeoman fage
Beheld each youth; nought could engage
His wary and discerning heart,
But sterling worth and true desert.
At last, he could no longer bear
Such strange sophistified ware;
He cries (enrag'd at this odd scene)
"What can this foolish coxcomb mean,
"Who, like a pedlar with his pack,
"Carries his riches on his back?
"Soon shall this blockhead sink my rents,
"And alienate my tenements,
"Which long have stood in good repair,
"Nor sunk, nor rose, from heir to heir;
"Still the same rent without advance,
"Since the Black Prince first conquer'd France:
"But now, alas! all must be lost,
"And all my prudent projects crost.
"Brave honest race! Is it thus then
"We dwindle into gentlemen?
"But I'll prevent this foul disgrace,
"This butterfly from hence I'll chase."

He saddles Ball without delay,
To London town directs his way;
There at the Herald's Office he
Took out his coat, and paid his fee,
And had it cheap, as wits agree.

}

A lion

A lion rampant, stout and able,
 Argent the field, the border sable;
 The gay escutcheon look'd as fine,
 As any new-daub'd country sign.
 Thus having done what he decreed,
 Home he returns with all his speed:
 " Here, son," said he, " since you will be
 " A gentleman in spight of me;
 " Here, sir, this gorgeous bauble take,
 " How well it will become a rake!
 " Be what you seem: this is your share;
 " But honest Numps shall be my heir;
 " To him I'll leave my whole estate,
 " Left my brave race degenerate.

THE HAPPY LUNATICK:

To Doctor M——. A T A L E.

WHEN faints were cheap in good Nol's reign,
 As finners now in Drury-Lane;
 Wrapt up in mysteries profound,
 A faint perceiv'd his head turn round:
 Whether the sweet and savoury wind,
 That should have been discharg'd behind,
 For want of vent had upward fled,
 And seiz'd the fortrefs of his head;
 Ye sage philosophers, debate:
 I solve no problems intricate.
 That he was mad, to me is clear,
 Else why should he, whose nicer ear
 Could never bear church-musick here,

} Dream

Dream that he heard the blest above,
 Chanting in hymns of joy and love?
 Organs themselves, which were of yore
 The musick of the scarlet whore,
 Are now with transport heard. In fine,
 Ravish'd with harmony divine,
 All earthly blessings he defies,
 The guest and favourite of the skies.
 At last, his too officious friends
 The doctor call, and he attends;
 The patient cur'd, demands his fee.
 "Curse on thy farting pills and thee,"
 Reply'd the saint: "ah! to my cost
 "I'm cur'd; but where's the heaven I lost?"
 "Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,
 "Who'd barter Paradise for sense?"
 Ev'n so *bemus'd* (that is, posselt),
 With raptures fir'd, and more than blest?
 In pompous epick, towering odes,
 I strut with heroes, feast with gods;
 Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,
 For me they touch each golden lyre.
 Happy delusion! kind deceit!
 Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat;
 Your eye severe, traces each fault,
 Each swelling word, each tinsel thought.
 Cur'd of my Frenzy, I despise
 Such trifles, stript of their disguise,
 Convinc'd, and miserably wise.

}

C O N-

C

F^A

The

The

Bac

The

The

A l

Th

Th

Ma

S

Th

Th

Th

Th

Th

CONTENTS.

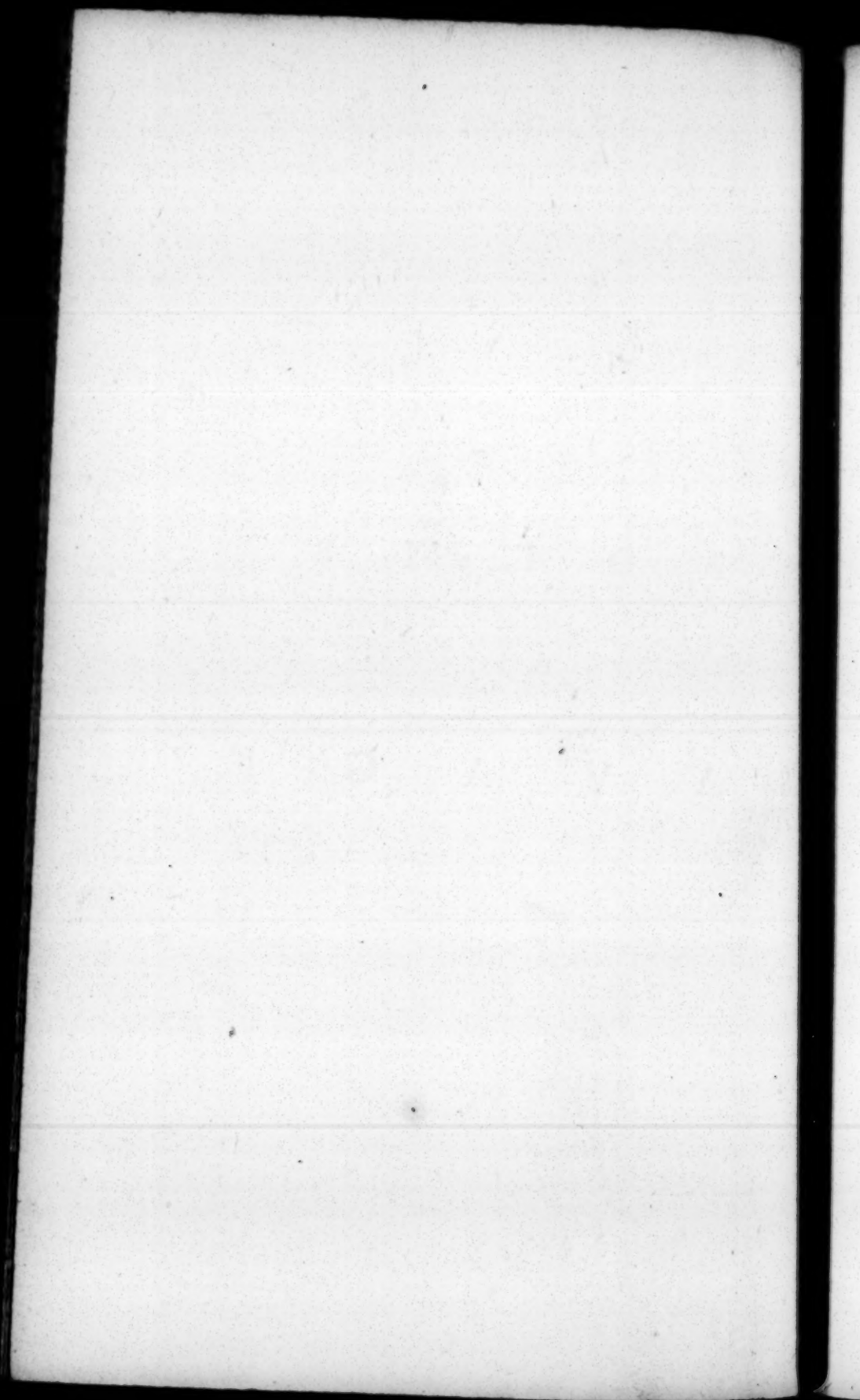
FABLE XIV. The Fortune-hunter	Page 1
The Devil Outwitted. A Tale	- 40
The Officious Messenger. A Tale	- - 41
The Inquisitive Bridegroom. A Tale	- - 51
Bacchus Triumphant. A Tale	- - 54
The Night-walker Reclaim'd. A Tale	- - 57
The Happy Disappointment. A Tale	- - 70
A Padlock for the Mouth. A Tale	- - 74
The Wife Builder. A Tale	- - - 78
The true Use of the Looking-glafs. A Tale	79
Mahomet Ali Beg: or, the Faithful Minister of State	- - - - - 80
The Sweet-scented Mifer	- - 93
The Incurious Bencher	- - 97
The Busy Indolent. A Tale	- - 100
The Yeoman of Kent. A Tale	- - 103
The Happy Lunatick: to Dr. M——. A Tale	108

END OF SOMERVILE'S POEMS.

T H E
P O E M S
O F
S A V A G E.

Vol. XLI.

I



THE
W A N D E R E R :
A V I S I O N .
IN FIVE CANTOS.

“Nulla mali nova mî facies inopinave furgit.”

VIRG.

2

L

Ba

P

wa

ba

fin

(w

th

pu

L

ou

ne

I

.

or

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N

LORD VISCOUNT TYRCONNEL,

Baron CHARLEVILLE, and Lord BROWNLOWE,
Knight of the BATH.

MY LORD,

PART of this poem had the honour of your Lordship's perusal when in manuscript; and it was no small pride to me, when it met with approbation from so distinguishing a judge: should the rest find the like indulgence, I shall have no occasion (whatever its success may be in the world) to repent the labour it has cost me—But my intention is not to pursue a discourse on my own performance; no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out sentiments that relate to your Lordship's goodness, the generosity of which, give me leave to say, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the Great, in former times, generally terminated

in disappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called such) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till those, who lingered in the want of it, grew almost past the sense of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, must have been acquired too by some previous act of guilt in the receiver, the consequence of which was remorse and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependance on your Lordship, and the present Ministry, is an assurance of success. I am persuaded, distress, in many other instances, affects your soul with a compassion, that always shews itself in a manner most humane and active; that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight; and that to deserve your friendship is to deserve the countenance of the best of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordship's conversation (permit me to speak but justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furnished with the finest observations upon human nature, and to receive, from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning candour, the worthiest and most polite maxims—such as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could also take notice of your many public-spirited services to your country in Parliament, and your constant attachment to Liberty, and the Royal,

Illustrious

Illustrious House of our Most Gracious Sovereign ;
 but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the
 noblest and fittest orators to speak your praise, and
 will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler
 writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lord-
 ship's virtues to the kind influence of them, which
 has been so lately shed upon me ; and then, if my
 future morals and writings shall gain any approba-
 tion from men of parts and probity, I must acknow-
 ledge all to be the product of your Lordship's good-
 ness to me. I must, in fine, say with Horace,

“ Quod spiro, & placeo, (si placeo) tuum est.”

I am, with the highest gratitude and veneration,

M Y L O R D,

Your Lordship's most dutiful

and devoted servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

F
C
W
T
E
Y
A
V
C
M
S
C

T H E

W A N D E R E R.

A V I S I O N.

C A N T O I.

FAIN would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
 Brownlowe, at once my subject and my fame!
 Oh! could that spirit, which thy bosom warms,
 Whose strength surprizes, and whose goodness charms!
 That various worth! could that inspire my lays, 5
 Envy should smile, and Censure learn to praise:
 Yet, though unequal to a soul like thine,
 A generous soul, approaching to divine,
 When blest'd beneath such patronage I write,
 Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight. 10
 O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
 Nature to rural scenes invites the Muse:
 She flies all public care, all venal strife,
 To try the still, compar'd with active life;
 To prove, by these the sons of men may owe 15
 The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
 That ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
 Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

Come,

Come, Contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
 Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys; 20
 Who in thyself the various view canst find
 Of sea, land, air, and heaven, and human-kind;
 What tides of passion in the bosom roll;
 What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul,
 Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will, 25
 All thou survey'st, with a creative skill!
 Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade!
 Awhile in wintry wilds vouchsafe thy aid!
 Then waft me to some olive, bowery green,
 Where, cloath'd in white, thou shew'st a mind serene; 30
 Where kind Content from noise and court retires,
 And smiling sits, while Muses tune their lyres:
 Where Zephyrs gently breathe, while Sleep profound
 To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
 Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines, 35
 By thee bestow'd; whence Fancy colour'd shines,
 And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
 Varying her plumes in visionary light.

Tho solar fires now faint and watery burn, .
 Just where with ice Aquarius frets his urn! 40
 If thaw'd, forth issue, from its mouth severe,
 Raw clouds, that sadden all th' inverted year.

When Frost and Fire with martial powers engag'd,
 Frost, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
 Beneath the Pole his legions urg'd their flight, 45
 And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
 O'er cheerless scenes by Desolation own'd,
 High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd!

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 123

One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard sustains,
 And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns; 50
 O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm
 The blossom'd fruit, and flowery Spring deform.
 His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
 Dim gleaming all the light that wanders here.
 His robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his
 breath 55

A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death.
 Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the northern main,
 That checks, and renders navigation vain,
 That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
 Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day, 60
 And stretching eastward half the world secures,
 Defies discovery, and like time endures!

Now Frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
 To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bare;
 Yet when, far west, his violence declines, 65
 Though here the brook, or lake, his power confines;
 To rocky pools, to cataraets are unknown
 His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!

The falling moon cast, cold, a quivering light,
 Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!—pale night 70
 Retir'd. 'The dawn in light-grey mists arose!
 Shrill chants the cock!—the hungry heifer lows!
 Slow blush yon breaking clouds;—the sun's uproll'd!
 Th' expansive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;
 White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams, 75
 Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.

O Con-

O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
 From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
 From Sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
 Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim! 80
 It comes! I feel it o'er my soul serene!
 Still Morn begins, and Frost retains the scene!

Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
 From rock to vale sweet-wandering echoes run!
 Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar! 85
 Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war!
 Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
 March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!

Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-
 brood,

Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood! 90
 At Babel thus, when heaven the tongue confounds,
 Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
 Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear!
 All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
 Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom, 95
 And smoky Fate speeds thundering through the
 Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly, [gloom!
 Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.

Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
 Estrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land! 100
 Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown!
 Where shall I turn, a WANDERER, and alone?

From hilly wilds, and depths where snows remain,
 My winding steps up a steep mountain strain!
 Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills subside, 105
 And towers aspire, but with inferior pride!

On

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 125

On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground!
Hoarse, and direct, a blustering north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick-ruffling, crack the crisped snows! 110

Tangles of frost half-fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft-blacken'd like a lowering sky!
Hence down the side two turbid rivulets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!
While pleas'd the watery progress I pursue, 115
Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view!

In form an amphitheatre they rise;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There the dim'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails! 120

Thither these mountain-streams their passage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd store deriv'd, a river flows;
Which, deepening, travels thro' a distant wood, 125
And thence emerging, meets a sister-flood;
Mingled they flash on a wide-opening plain,
And pass yon city to the far-seen main.

So blend two souls by heaven for union made,
And strengthening forward, lend a mutual aid, 130
And prove in every transient turn their aim,
Through finite life to infinite the same.

Nor ends the landscape—Ocean, to my sight,
Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,
In prospect lessen'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd high, 135
Stretch a cross-ridge, and bar the curious eye;

There

O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
 From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
 From Sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
 Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim! 80
 It comes! I feel it o'er my soul serene!
 Still Morn begins, and Frost retains the scene!

Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
 From rock to vale sweet-wandering echoes run!
 Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar! 85
 Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war!
 Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
 March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!
 Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter.
 brood,

Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood! 90
 At Babel thus, when heaven the tongue confounds,
 Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
 Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear!
 All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
 Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom, 95
 And smoaky Fate speeds thundering through the
 Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly, [gloom!
 Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.

Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
 Estrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land! 100
 Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown!
 Where shall I turn, a WANDERER, and alone?

From hilly wilds, and depths where snows remain,
 My winding steps up a steep mountain strain!
 Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills subside, 105
 And towers aspire, but with inferior pride!

On

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 125

On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground!
Hoarse, and direct, a blustering north-wind blows!

On boughs, thick-rustling, crack the crisped snows! 110

Tangles of frost half-fright the wilder'd eye,

By heat oft-blacken'd like a lowering sky!

Hence down the side two turbid rivulets pour,

And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!

While pleas'd the watery progress I pursue, 115

Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view!

In form an amphitheatre they rise;

And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.

There the dim'd fight with dizzy weakness fails,

And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails! 120

Thither these mountain-streams their passage take,

Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!

The lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,

From the heap'd store deriv'd, a river flows;

Which, deepening, travels thro' a distant wood, 125

And thence emerging, meets a sister-flood;

Mingled they flash on a wide-opening plain,

And pass yon city to the far-seen main.

So blend two souls by heaven for union made,

And strengthening forward, lend a mutual aid, 130

And prove in every transient turn their aim,

Through finite life to infinite the same.

Nor ends the landscape—Ocean, to my sight,

Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,

In prospect less'n'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd high, 135

Stretch a cross-ridge, and bar the curious eye;

There

There lies obscur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
 And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
 In conic form there gelid crystal grows;
 Thro' such the palace-lamp, gay lustre throws! 140
 Lustre, which, through dim night, as various plays,
 As play from yonder snows the changeful rays!
 For nobler use the crystal's worth may rise,
 If tubes perspective hem the spotless prize;
 Thro' these the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye 145
 Measure known stars, and new remoter spy.
 Hence Commerce many a shorten'd voyage steers,
 Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
 Hence Halley's soul ethereal flight essays;
 Instructive there from orb to orb she strays; 150
 Sees, round new countless suns, new systems roll!
 Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
 Yon rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
 And peasants search for herbs of healthful green;
 Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies, 155
 Like youth extended cold in death's disguise.
 There, while without the sounding tempest swells,
 Incav'd secure th' exulting eagle dwells;
 And there, when Nature owns prolific spring,
 Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing. 160
 Swains on the coast the far-fam'd fish descry,
 That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
 While shells, a scatter'd ornament bestow,
 The tinctur'd rivals of the showery bow.
 Yon limeless sands, loose-driving with the wind, 165
 In future cauldrons useful texture find,

Till,

Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
 Brightens, and brightening hardens into glass.
 When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
 Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave; 170
 Though lash'd by storms, which naval pride o'erturn,
 The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
 Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
 And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.

Now veers the wind full east; and keen, and sore, 175
 Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
 How weak thy fabric, Man!—A puff, thus blown,
 Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan.
 A tooth's minutest nerve let anguish seize,
 Swift kindred fibres catch! (so frail our ease!) 180
 Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, inflam'd, and unassuag'd,
 They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot enrag'd!
 From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
 —And are we of this mighty fabric vain? [glides!
 Now my blood chills! scarce through my veins it
 Sure on each blast a shivering ague rides!
 Warn'd let me this bleak eminence forsake,
 And to the vale a different winding take!

Half I descend: my spirits fast decay;
 A terrace now relieves my weary way. 190
 Close with this stage a precipice combines;
 Whence still the spacious country far declines!
 The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
 And men diminish'd, as, at noon, their shades!
 Thick on this top o'ergrown for walks are seen 195
 Grey leafless wood, and winter-greens between!

The

The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly shows,
 And matted mistletoe, the white, bestows!
 Though lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
 Tho' on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots! 200
 These boughs, the silenc'd shivering songsters seek!
 These foodful berries fill the hungry beak.

Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
 Inward the dreary mansion of Despair!
 The water of the mountain-road, half-stray'd, 205
 Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown cascade.

Has Nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
 To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
 She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,
 Which opens in a rock a large extent! 210
 And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
 A trampling sound of footsteps hastening near!
 A death-like chillness thwarts my panting breast:
 Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confess!
 Of youth his form!—But why with anguish bent? 215
 Why pin'd with fallow marks of discontent?
 Yet Patience, labouring to beguile his care,
 Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
 Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
 And in his voice invites me to relief. 220
 Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
 (He says,) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
 All fear forget——Each portal I possess,
 Duty wide-opens to receive distress.
 Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led; 225
 The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!

And

And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
 Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
 Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
 Through rifts; each forming a perspective scene. 230

In front a parlour meets my entering view;
 Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.
 Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
 Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires;
 Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread, 235
 Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.

A maple cup is next dispatch'd to bring
 The comfort of the salutary spring:
 Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
 Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine; 240
 And savoury cates, upon clear embers cast,
 Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
 Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd power,
 And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.

The Hermit, thus: Thou wonder'st at thy fare: 245
 On me, yon city, kind, bestows her care:
 Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
 That warms chill'd life, her charities produce:
 Accept without reward; unask'd 'twas mine;
 Here what thy health requires, as free be thine. 250
 Hence learn that God, (who, in the time of need,
 In frozen deserts can the raven feed)
 Well-sought, will delegate some pitying breast,
 His second means, to succour man distressed.
 He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd; 255
 Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd.

I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)
 By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English-born.
 Of England I—To me the British state
 Rises, in dear memorial, ever great! 260
 Here stand we conscious:—Diffidence suspend!
 Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy Muse extend
 To grotts, where Contemplation smiles serene,
 Where angels visit, and where joys convene?
 To groves, where more than mortal voices rise, 265
 Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies?
 This cave!—Yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
 What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold,
 Think subjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze!
 What cannot Industry completely raise? 270
 Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
 By Industry is all with beauty crown'd!
 He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
 Hues the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
 He forms the sword to smite; he sheaths the steel, 275
 Draws health from herbs, and shews the balm to heal;
 Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies;
 Or bids young plants in future forests rise;
 Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
 Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway; 280
 Hence golden Commerce views her wealth encrease,
 The blissful child of Liberty and Peace.
 He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
 Fills, with soft fertile mould, the sterile void;
 Slop'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests grow, 285
 And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow!

By

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 131

By him fall mountains to a level space,
 An isthmus sinks, and sunder'd seas embrace!
 He founds a city on the naked shore,
 And desolation starves the tract no more. 290
 From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
 Where wide they foam'd, her towns and traffics stand;
 He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
 And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound.
 Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice rose, 295
 Each fabric there, as Pleasure's seat he shows!
 There marts, sports, councils, are for action fought,
 Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.
 What wonder then I, by his potent aid,
 A mansion in a barren mountain made? 300
 Part thou hast view'd!—If further we explore,
 Let Industry deserve applause the more.

No frowning care yon blest apartment fees,
 There Sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.
 Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd wealth,
 There shed the smiles of innocence and health.

Mark!—Here descends a grot, delightful seat!
 Which warms e'en winter, tempers summer heat!
 See!—Gurgling from a top, a spring distils!
 In mournful measures wind the dripping rills; 310
 Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
 In soothing mixture, swell the watery sound;
 And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
 Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
 Pass on—New scenes, by my creative power, 315
 Invite Reflection's sweet and solemn hour.

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
 Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
 These friends (said he) though I desert mankind,
 Good angels never would permit behind. 320
 Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
 I know; each work some seraph here conveys,
 Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
 What heaven inspir'd, and what the Muse has taught;
 What Young satiric and sublime has writ, 325
 Whose life is virtue, and whose Muse is wit.
 Rapt I foresee thy Mallet's * early aim
 Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.
 Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
 And the ripe judgment of instructive years. 330
 In Hill is all that generous souls revere,
 To Virtue and the Muse for ever dear:
 And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
 The tongue, that praises merit, praises thee.

These scorn (said I) the verse-wright of their age,
 Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
 To whose dim faculty the meaning song
 Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong;
 Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace;
 His wit, and oddness of his tone and face; 340
 Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
 In some low libel a mean heart display;
 Those, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, despise,
 It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.

* He had then just written **THE EXCURSION.**

Or

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 133

Or should some nobler bard, their worth, unpraise, 345

Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,

Alas! too oft each science shews the same,

The great grow jealous of a greater name :

Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock ;

Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke ? 350

Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd!

Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

Let Envy, he replied, all ireful rise,

Envy pursues alone the brave and wise ;

Maro and Socrates inspire her pain, 355

And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!

To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise!

All their bright honours rush into his lays!

And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,

Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel ! 360

Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,

As elegance polite, as power elate ;

Profound as reason, and as justice clear ;

Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe ;

As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet, 365

Like nature various, and like art complete ;

So fine her morals, so sublime her views,

His life is almost equal'd by his Muse.

O Pope!—Since Envy is decreed by fate,

Since she pursues alone the wise and great ; 370

In one small, emblematic landscape see,

How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee!

Truth from an eminence surveys our scene

(A hill, where all is clear, and all serene).

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
 Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
 These friends (said he) though I desert mankind,
 Good angels never would permit behind. 320
 Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
 I know; each work some seraph here conveys,
 Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
 What heaven inspir'd, and what the Muse has taught;
 What Young satiric and sublime has writ, 325
 Whose life is virtue, and whose Muse is wit.
 Rapt I foresee thy Mallet's * early aim
 Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.
 Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
 And the ripe judgment of instructive years. 330
 In Hill is all that generous souls revere,
 To Virtue and the Muse for ever dear:
 And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
 The tongue, that praises merit, praises thee.

These scorn (said I) the verse-wright of their age,
 Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
 To whose dim faculty the meaning song
 Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong;
 Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace;
 His wit, and oddness of his tone and face; 340
 Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
 In some low libel a mean heart display;
 Those, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, despise,
 It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.

* He had then just written THE EXCURSION.

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 133

Or should some nobler bard, their worth, unpraise, 345

Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,

Alas! too oft each science shews the same,

The great grow jealous of a greater name :

Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock ;

Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke ? 350

Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd!

Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

Let Envy, he replied, all ireful rise,

Envy pursues alone the brave and wise ;

Maro and Socrates inspire her pain, 355

And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!

To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise!

All their bright honours rush into his lays!

And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,

Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel! 360

Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,

As elegance polite, as power elate ;

Profound as reason, and as justice clear ;

Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe ;

As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet, 365

Like nature various, and like art complete ;

So fine her morals, so sublime her views,

His life is almost equal'd by his Muse.

O Pope!—Since Envy is decreed by fate,

Since she pursues alone the wise and great ; 370

In one small, emblematic landscape see,

How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee!

Truth from an eminence surveys our scene

(A hill, where all is clear, and all serene).

Rude earth-bred storms o'er meaner valleys blow, 375
 And wandering mists roll, blackening far below;
 Dark, and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
 And clear, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.

Thus I. From what dire cause can envy spring?
 Or why embosom we a viper's sting? 380

'Tis Envy stings our darling passion, pride.

Alas! (the man of mighty soul replied)

Why chuse we miseries? Most derive their birth
 From one bad source—we dread superior worth;
 Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own; 385

Then heedless to excel we meanly moan:

Then we abstract our views, and envy show,
 Whence springs the misery, pride is doom'd to know.

Thus folly pain creates: By wisdom's power,
 We shun the weight of many a restless hour— 390

Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
 Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.

I, of the whole, am part—the joy men see,
 Must circulate, and so revolve to me.

Why should I then of private loss complain? 395

Of loss, that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?

The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
 May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.

If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
 Mountains are but supplied, when vales are drown'd;

If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
 The verdure of the mountain fades away.

Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call descend?

Shall gravity for me her laws suspend?

For

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 135

For me shall suns their noon-tide course forbear? 405
 Or motion not subsist to influence air?
 Let the means vary, be they frost, or flame,
 Thy end, O Nature! still remains the same!
 Be this the motive of a wise man's care,—
 To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear. 410

C A N T O. II.

WHILE thus a mind humane, and wise, he shows,
 All eloquent of truth his language flows.
 Youth, though depress'd, through all his form appears;
 Through all his sentiments the depth of years.
 Thus he—Yet farther Industry behold, 5
 Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold,
 Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
 The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of sin.
 When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
 My bosom, labouring with the throbs of woe! 10
 Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouse those cares,
 On my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
 When moping Frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
 Here prudent labours chac'd her power away.
 Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd wall, 15
 Bold prophets nations to repentance call!
 Meek martyrs smile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
 And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone!

Next shadow'd light a rounding force bestows,
 Swells into life, and speaking action grows! 20
 Here pleasing, melancholy subjects find,
 To calm, amuse, exalt the pensive mind!
 This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
 And semblant thoughts, that earthly pomp despise.
 Such penitential Magdalene reveals; 25
 Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels.
 Though dress, near-stor'd, its vanity supplies,
 The vanity of dress unheeded lies.
 The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
 As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps. 30
 One hand her bosom smites; in one appears
 The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.

Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
 True fortitude assumes the patient mind:
 Such prov'd Messiah's, though to suffering born, 35
 To penury, repulse, reproach, and scorn.
 Here, by the pencil, mark his slight design'd;
 The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
 Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm express,
 A modest charm, that dignifies distress. 40
 Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
 Which angels to her busied consort bend.
 Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
 Trifles, concerning Him, all heaven concern'd.

Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires: 45
 See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
 Full on his followers bursts a flood of rays,
 Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!

Like

Like noon-tide summer-suns the rays appear,
 Unfufferable, magnificent, and near! 50

What scene of agony the garden brings;
 The cup of gall; the suppliant King of kings!
 The crown of thorns; the cross, that felt him die;
 These, languid in the sketch, unfinish'd lie.
 There, from the dead, centurions see him rise, 55
 See! but struck down with horrible surprize!

As the first glory seem'd a sun at noon,
 This casts the silver splendor of the moon.

Here peopled day, th' ascending God surveys!
 The glory varies, as the myriads gaze! 60
 Now soften'd, like a sun at distance seen,
 When through a cloud bright-glancing, yet serene!
 Now fast-encreasing to the crowd amaz'd,
 Like some vast meteor high in æther rais'd!

My labour, yon high-vaulted altar stains 65
 With dies, that emulate ætherial plains.
 The convex glass, which in that opening glows,
 Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour shows!
 Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling all,
 Back from the God, a showery radiance fall. 70
 Lightening the scene beneath! a scene divine!
 Where saints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!

Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
 Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
 The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly, 75
 Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!

This monumental marble—this I rear
 To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!

He

He stopt—pathetic sighs the pause supply,
And the prompt tear starts, quivering, on his eye! 80

I look'd—two columns near the wall were seen,
An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
Leaning, from high, a listening angel hung!
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains, 85
A phoenix, with irradiate crest, sustains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t' impart
Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hovering seraphs raise,
Which opening heaven upon the roof displays! 90
And two, benevolent, less-distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
These from the heart, by Friendship held, arise,
Odorous as incense gathering in the skies.
In the fond pelican is love express'd, 95
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a falcon struck!—in wild despair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! destroys
The tender consort of my cares and joys! 100
Again soft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd sounds dy'd, fluttering, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmost thought I know!
Too well ev'n silence tells the story'd woe!
To his my sighs, to his my tears reply! 105
I stray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!

Next, on the wall, her scenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!

Cherubs

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 139

Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory show,
 Ey'd wistful by th' admiring fair below. 110
 In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
 One shows her breast, in rapture one expands!
 This the fond hermit seiz'd!—o'er all his soul,
 The soft, wild, wailing, amorous passion stole!
 In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep, 115
 Then turn away, a while dejected weep;
 Then he reverts them; but reverts in vain,
 Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
 Where now is my philosophy? (he cries)
 My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies! 120
 Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know?
 Was it, ye cruel fates, t' embitter woe?
 Why would your bolts not level first my head?
 Why must I live to weep Olympia dead?
 —Sir, I had once a wife! Fair bloom'd her youth, 125
 Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth!
 Oh, she was dear! How dear, what words can say?
 She dies!—my heaven at once is snatch'd away!
 Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
 I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir? 130
 That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
 Th' instructive, pleasing, academic grove?
 That in the senate eloquence was mine?
 That valour gave me in the field to shine?
 That love shower'd blessings too—far more than all 135
 High-rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
 Ah!—What are these, which ev'n the wise adore?
 Lost is my pride!—Olympia is no more!

Had

Had I, ye persecuting powers! been born
 The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn; 140
 Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
 To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
 Patience, or pride, to this, relief supplies!
 But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!

Now three sad years I yield me all to grief, 145
 And fly the hated comfort of relief!
 Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat,
 (My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat:
 Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
 Despair and horror lead the cheerless way! 150
 My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
 Life, injur'd life, must with the passion less!
 Olympia!—my Olympia's lost! (I cry)
 Olympia's lost, the hollow vaults reply!
 Louder I make my lamentable moan; 155
 The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;
 The ghosts to scream, as through lone aisles they sweep;
 The shrines to shudder, and the faints to weep!

Now grief and rage, by gathering sighs suppress,
 Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breast! 160
 With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,
 And strike the tottering fabric of my brain!
 O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vapoury scene,
 Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of spleen!
 A deep damp gloom o'erspreads the murky cell; 165
 Here pining thoughts and secret terrors dwell!
 Here learn the Great unreal wants to feign!
 Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain!

Here

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 141

Here learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
 Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild! 170
 Here first Credulity on Reason won!

And here false Zeal mysterious rants begun!
 Here Love impears each moment with a tear,
 And Superstition owes to Spleen her fear!

Fantastic lightnings, through the dreary way, 175
 In swift short signals flash the bursting day!

Above, beneath, across, around, they fly!

A dire deception strikes the mental eye!

By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe!

Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear! 180

Air-banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound,

And, all obscene, shed baneful damps around!

Now whispers, trembling in some feeble wind,

Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!

Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away,
 Unroofs the den, and lets-in more than day.

Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,

Seek emblematic shades, and mystic light!

Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car!

These nod from thrones! Those thunder in the war! 190

Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,

Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.

Here the lone hour a blank of life displays,

Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;

A fiend in evil moments ever nigh! 195

Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!

Her eye all red, and sunk!—A robe she wore,

With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.

A mirror

A mirror in one hand collective shows,
 Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes. 200
 This endless foe to generous toil and pain
 Lolls on a couch for ease; but lolls in vain;
 She muses o'er her woe-embroider'd vest,
 And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast.
 To shun her care, the force of sleep she tries, 205
 Still wakes her mind, though slumbers doze her eyes:
 She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
 With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
 Now eyes the sun, and curses every ray,
 Now the green ground, where colour fades away. 210
 Dim spectres dance. Again her eye she rears;
 Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears;
 Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
 Her brow half bursts with agony of thought!
 From me (she cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim, 215
 Born of Despair, and Suicide my name!
 Why should thy life a moment's pain endure!
 Here every object proffers grief a cure.
 She points where leaves of hemlock blackening shoot!
 Fear not! pluck! eat (said she) the sovereign root! 220
 Then Death, revers'd, shall bear his ebon lance!
 Soft o'er thy sight shall swim the shadowy trance!
 Or leap yon rock, possess a watery grave,
 And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!
 Or mark—this poniard thus from misery frees! 225
 She wounds her breast!—the guilty steel I seize!
 Straight, where she struck, a smoking spring of gore
 Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson'd floor,
 She

She faints! she fades!—Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
 And now, unstartling, fix the dire resolve; 230
 Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
 Winning, and kind, like my Olympia smiles!
 He points the passage to the seats divine,
 Where poets, heroes, fainted lovers shine!
 I come, Olympia!—my rear'd arm extends; 235
 Half to my breast the threatening point descends;
 Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
 When, lo! a voice resounds—Arise! away!
 Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
 Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God! 240
 Fly'st thou from Providence for vain relief?
 Such ill-fought ease shall draw avenging grief.
 Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
 And zeal by persecution's rage refines.
 By woe, the soul to daring action swells; 245
 By woe, in paintless patience it excels;
 From patient, prudent dear experience springs,
 And traces knowledge through the course of things!
 Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
 Renown:—whate'er men covet and carefs. 250
 The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice.
 Would'it thou be happy? straight be death thy choice.
 How mean are those, who passively complain;
 While active souls, more free, their fetters strain!
 Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success, 255
 Renown:—whate'er men covet and carefs;
 On earth success must in its turn give way,
 And ev'n perfection introduce decay.

Never

Never the world of spirits thus—their rest
Untouch'd! entire!—once happy, ever blest! 260

Earnest the heavenly voice responsive cries,
Oh, listen not to subtilty unwise!

Thy guardian faint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
Heaven grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore, 265
Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore;
There in a cell thy last remains be spent;
Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!

I heard, obey'd; nor more of Fate complain'd;
Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd. 270
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd, where a huge serpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—he rages now for food,
Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd, 275
Rears spire on spire! His scales, be-dropt with gold,
Shine burnish'd in the sun! such height they gain,
They dart green lustre on the distant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
Furious to fix on my unshielded breast! 280
Just as he springs, my sabre smites the foe!
Headless he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though strength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiss the gasping mouth deceives;
The lengthening trunk flow-loosens every fold, 285
Lingers in life: then stretches stiff, and cold.
Just as th' inveterate son of mischief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends:

I hail

I hail this omen ! all bad passions cease,
Like the slain snake, and all within is peace. 290

Next, to religion this plain roof I raise !
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze ;
I bid due incense on my altars smoke !
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd love invoke !
She hears ! she comes !—My heart what raptures warm ?
All my Olympia sparkles in the form !

No pale, wan, livid mark of death she bears !
Each roseate look a quickening transport wears !
A robe of light, high-wrought, her shape invests ;
Unzon'd the swelling beauty of her breasts ! 300

Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms !
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace ;
Then, thus, (while nearer she avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit !—must I a shade pursue ? 305

Dazzled I gaze !—thou swimm'st before my view !
Dipt in ethereal dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the shine :
Still thus I urge (for still the shadowy bliss
Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss) 310

Oh, fly not !—fade not ! listen to love's call !
She lives ! no more I'm man !—I'm spirit all !
Then let me snatch thee !—press thee !—take me whole !
Oh, close !—yet closer !—closer to my soul !

Twice, round her waist, my eager arms entwin'd, 315
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind !

'Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy husband kneel,
And judge ! O judge what agonies I feel !

Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
 Take Horror's shape, and fright me to despair! 320
 Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
 Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
 But mock not thus!—Alas (the charmer said,
 Smiling, and in her smile soft radiance play'd)
 Alas! no more eluded strength employ, 325
 To clasp a shade!—What more is mortal joy?
 Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
 One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!
 Thou wert (had all thy wish been still posses't)
 Supremely curst from being greatly blest; 330
 For oh! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
 Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me;
 This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb;
 Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
 Think me not lost: for thee I heaven implore! 335
 Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more!
 I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
 Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly dream!
 Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
 In Music's voice I wake thy mind to prayer! 340
 By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
 Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies!
 And when that form shall from its clay refine,
 (That only bar betwixt my soul and thine!)
 When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light, 345
 Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight;
 Mingled we'll flame in raptures that aspire
 Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.

She

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 147

She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
 Th' enchanting voice still warbles in my mind: 350
 But lo! th' unbodied vision fleets away!—
 —Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, stay!
 Yet stay— for thee my memory leans to smart!
 Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart!
 Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day, 355
 Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay!
 From the same heavenly source its lustre came,
 And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
 Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn;
 Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return! 360
 Alas!—she's fled—I traverse now the place,
 Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
 Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
 There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
 Sighs choak my words, unable to express 365
 The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderneſs!
 Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
 Call dying faints on their Creator's name,
 Than I on her's;—but through yon yielding door,
 Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor! 370
 The roof swift kindles from the beaming ground,
 And floods of living lustre flame around!
 In all the majesty of light array'd,
 Awful it shines!—'tis Cato's honour'd shade!
 As I the heavenly visitant pursue, 375
 Sublimar Glory opens to my view!
 He speaks!—But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
 His thoughts!—They leave me fir'd with patriot heat!

More than poetic raptures now I feel,
 And own that godlike passion, public zeal! 380
 But from my frailty, it receives a stain,
 I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain;
 And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
 And would, in scenes of action foremost glow!
 Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays! 385
 Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
 When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
 And lures me back to solitary love.
 She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
 That genuine greatness shuns the being great! 390
 That mean are those, who false-term'd honour prize;
 Whose fabricks from their country's ruin rise;
 Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair;
 Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.

I hear!—through all my veins new transports roll!
 I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul:
 Ravish'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
 Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
 Cato returns!—Zeal takes her course to reign!
 But zeal is in ambition lost again! 400
 I'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
 —By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
 These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
 Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;
 This I'll enjoy!—He ended!—I reply'd, 405
 O Hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
 But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
 Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repose.

When

THE WANDERER, CANTO III. 149

When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
 And often misery points the path to bliss. 410
 The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
 Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
 The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
 Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
 Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays, 415
 Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permissive graze;
 Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
 And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.

CANTO III.

THUS free our social time from morning flows
 Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
 Thus my new friend: Behold the light's decay:
 Back to yon city let me point thy way.
 South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping sun, 5
 To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
 His parting eyes a watery radiance shed,
 Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head:
 To which oppos'd, the shadowy gulfs, below,
 Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow. 10
 Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the way;
 Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
 Orient, the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
 And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
 Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines; 15
 Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,

In a red crescent seen: Her zone now gleams,
 Like Venus, quivering in reflecting streams.
 Yet reddening, yet round-burning up the air,
 From the white cliff, her feet flow-rising glare! 20
 See! flames, condens'd now vary her attire;
 Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
 Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
 Through ranks of pines, her broken lustre plays,
 Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows, 25
 And, glittering, sports upon the spangled snows.

Now silver turn her beams!—yon den they gain;
 The big, rouz'd lion shakes his brindled main.
 Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
 Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-resounding roar.
 O dire presage!—But fear not thou, my friend,
 Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
 Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now survey,
 How men and spirits chace the night away!
 Yon nymphs and swains in amorous mirth advance; 35
 To breathing music moves the circling dance.
 Here the bold youth in deeds adventurous glow,
 Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
 Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
 Shot his light car along in swifter pace. 40
 Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
 And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
 There crowds, with stable tread, and level'd eye,
 Lift, and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.
 With force superior, not with skill so true, 45
 The ponderous disk from Roman sinews flew.

Where

THE WANDERER, CANTO III. 151

Where neighbouring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a penfile plain,
Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound! 50
Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate, rise;
And deafening clangor thunders up the skies.

Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene:
Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way: 55
Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke:
Yon amber-hued cascade, which fleecy flies
Through rocks, and strays along the trackless skies 60
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
Measur'd to pipe or harp!—and next they stand,
Marshal'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In frost-work now delight the sportive kind: 65
Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.

Hark! the funereal bell's deep-sounding toll,
To bliss, from misery, calls some righteous soul!
Just freed from life, life swift-ascending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire! 70
Light claps its wings!—it views, with pitying sight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
The plume high wrought, that blackening nods in air;
The slow-pac'd weeping pomp; the solemn prayer;
The decent tomb; the verse, that Sorrow gives, 75
Where, to remembrance sweet, fair virtue lives.

Now to mid-heaven the whiten'd moon inclines,
 And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
 With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
 See!—from the north, what streaming meteors pour! 80
 Beneath Bootes springs the radiant train,
 And quiver through the axle of his wain.
 O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
 Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
 Cross æther swift elance the vivid fires! 85
 As swift again each pointed flame retires!
 In Fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
 And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
 Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
 A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state. 90
 Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise
 To them wild omens! science to the wise!
 These mark the comet to the sun incline,
 While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
 While its fierce rear a winding trail displays, 95
 And lights all æther with the sweepy blaze!
 Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
 And shoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown;
 By worlds, whose people, all-aghast with fear,
 May view that minister of vengeance near! 100
 Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,
 Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost!
 Or when it, sunward, drinks rich beams again,
 And burns imperious on th' ætherial plain!
 The learn'd-one curious eyes it from afar, 105
 Sparkling through night, a new illustrious star!

The

The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
 The various talk :—the city near in view !
 Here from still-life (he cries) avert thy sight,
 And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night ! 110
 But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly ;
 Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.
 Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
 But reason's glory is to quell desire.
 What are thy fruits, O Lust ? Short blessings, bought
 With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought ;
 Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,
 Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to mourn ;
 Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame ;
 Or cast obscure ; the child of want and shame ! 120
 False pride ! What vices on our conduct steal,
 From the world's eye one frailty to conceal !
 Ye cruel mothers !—Soft ! those words command ;
 So near shall cruelty, and mother stand ?
 Can the dove's bosom snakey venom draw ? 125
 Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw ?
 Can the fond goat, or tender, fleecy dam
 Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb ?
 Yes, there are mothers—There I fear'd his aim,
 And, conscious, trembled at the coming name ; 130
 Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd !
 Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd.
 That tenderness, which ties of blood deny,
 Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.
 Pale grew my cheeks !—But now to general views 135
 Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

Yon

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
 Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
 From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
 Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly. 140
 There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
 And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
 Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
 Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
 O man! thy fabric 's like a well-form'd state; 145
 Thy thoughts, first rank'd, were sure design'd the great;
 Passions plebians are, which faction raise;
 Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
 Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
 Then sovereign reason from her empire flies: 150
 That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
 To noise and folly, place and power submit;
 Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
 Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.

The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir, 155
 And mourns, too late, effects of fordid care.
 His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave;
 Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
 For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
 For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd; 160
 For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
 Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
 Yet smile, griev'd shade! when that unprosperous store
 Fast-lessens, when gay hours return no more;
 Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall, 165
 Men once oblig'd, like Him, ungrateful all!

Then

THE WANDERER, CANTO III. 155

Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserv'd her court. 170

Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!

From the black depth a fiery legion springs; 175
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
And straight beneath a summon'd, traiterous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:

From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides thro' the roof, and o'er the council glows: 180
The villains, close beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-possess'd, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!

But Justice marks their ways: she waves, in air, 185
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.

While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers thro' the gloom.

There sits the sapient BARD in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!

All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!

He takes the gifted quill from hands divine, 195
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!

Now

Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,
 To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
 I see him now o'er Nature's works preside!
 How clear the vision! and the scene how wide! 200
 Let some a name by adulation raise,
 Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!
 My Muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
 Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!
 From dark deception clear-drawn truth display, 205
 As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
 Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
 Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
 So pamper'd power, unconscious of distress,
 May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress. 210
 Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
 Ye powers unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
 But know, to you sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
 Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
 O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art, 215
 (Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
 If wailing worth can generous warmth excite,
 If verse can gild instruction with delight,
 Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame,
 To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim! 220
 But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!
 How mean his fortune, though his mind elate!
 Æneas-like he passes through the crowd.
 Unsought, unseen beneath misfortune's cloud;
 Or seen with slight regard: Unprais'd his name: 225
 His after-honour, and our after-shame.

The

The doom'd desert, to avarice stands confess'd;
 Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
 Envy acquaint the future wonder eyes:
 Bold insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies; 230
 While coward Censure, skill'd in darker ways,
 Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
 Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
 Unjust derision too!—that tongue of gall!
 Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endued, 235
 Usher'd by Pride, and by Reproach pursued.
 Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold respect,
 Unkind as Scorn, ungenerous as Neglect.

Yet, suffering Worth! thy fortitude will shine:
 Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine! 240
 Patience is thine, and Peace thy days shall crown;
 Thy treasure Prudence, and thy claim Renown:
 Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
 And myriads grow, by thy example, great!

Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's
 sound,
 Sweet through still night, proclaiming safety round!
 Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
 To aid some orphan of its race distress,
 Safe winds him through the subterraneous way,
 That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin grey, 250
 And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
 Where, green with rust, long-buried coins abound.
 This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
 Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead;
 He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand 255
 Sign the false deed that alienates his land;

Heard,

Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
 And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
 Commission'd now the falsehood he reveals,
 To justice soon th' enabled heir appeals ; 260
 Soon, by his wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,
 And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.

But why (may some enquire) why kind success,
 Since mystic heaven gives misery oft to bless ?
 Though misery leads to happiness and truth, 265
 Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
 Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
 And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
 Oh, let not censure, if (untried by grief,
 If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,) 270
 He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
 Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.
 Heaven sees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care.
 And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear,
 Now rising fortune elevates his mind, 275
 He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.

So in some engine, that denies a vent,
 If unrespiring is some creature pent,
 It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
 Sad o'er the sight swim shadowy mists of death ; 280
 If then kind air pours powerful in again,
 New heats, new pulses quicken every vein ;
 From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
 Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.

From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
 And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes ;

Or

THE WANDERER, CANTO III. 159

Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
 With howling wolves, their screams with screaming
 The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh, [owls.
 Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky. 290
 Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
 Nor smoaking breathe along the whiten'd scene;
 While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
 Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.

Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his power 295
 And broken slumbers drag the restless hour.
 The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
 And in dire dreams the conscious murderer scares,
 Shews the yet-spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
 The walls yet-smoaking with the spatter'd gore; 300
 Or shrieks to dozing justice, and reveals
 The deed, which fraudulent art from day conceals;
 The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
 Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies;
 The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd, 305
 Pale guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.

These spirits treason of its power divest,
 And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
 These solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
 To snatch in vision sweet the dying friend. 310

But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
 Summons to prayer!--Now breaks th' inchanter's spell!
 And now--But yon fair spirit's form survey!
 'Tis she!--Olympia beckons me away!
 I haste!--I fly!--adieu!--and when you see 315
 The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me:

Tell

Tell him my tale, and be his pain carest;
 By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
 When worshipp'd woman we entranc'd behold,
 We praise the Maker in his fairest mould;
 The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
 And light immortal to the soul refin'd!
 Depriv'd of charming women, soon we miss
 The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss!

320

Still through the shades Olympia dawning breaks!
 What bloom, what brightness lusters o'er her cheeks!
 Again she calls!—I dare no longer stay!
 A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.

He turn'd, no longer in my sight remain'd;
 The mountain he, I save the city gain'd.

330

C A N T O IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway,
 Still on strange, visionary land I stray.

Now scenes crowd thick! now indistinct appear!
 Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!

Near the bull's horn light's rising monarch draws; 5
 Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws!

From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
 Northward retires, yet turns a watery eye;

Then with an anguish breath nips infant blooms,

Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes, 10

Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,

And in sharp, livid looks contracts the face.

Now

THE WANDERER, CANTO IV. 161

Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away :
 Such slippery paths Ambition's steps betray.
 Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees, 15
 Which bow obedient to the southern breeze :
 Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
 Like Fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds ;
 Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd :
 Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd. 20
 Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light)
 Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight)
 A waste, pale glimmering, like a moon, that wanes
 A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
 It cracks !—vast floating mountains beat the shore ! 25
 Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
 And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
 Like one, who feels his dying infant's cries.
 Near, and more near the rushing torrents found,
 And one great rift runs through the vast profound, 30
 Swift as a shooting meteor ; groaning loud,
 Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
 The late dark Pole now feels unsetting day :
 In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way ;
 O'er many a polar Alp to Frost he goes, 35
 O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows :
 Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
 Few men, unsocial those !—a barbarous race !
 At length the cave appears ! the race is run :
 How he recounts vast conquests lost and won, 40
 And taleful in th' embrace of Frost remains,
 Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
 Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
 From glowing Cancer fallen, the King of day, 45
 Red through the kindling Lion shoots his ray.
 The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
 And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
 'Tis day-spring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
 Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content. 50

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
 From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
 As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
 By some good angel led to worlds sublime:
 Oft (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire, 55
 Like Envy rears in many a scaly spire;
 Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
 And innocence and music are no more.

Mild rides the Morn in orient beauty drest,
 An azure mantle, and a purple vest, 60
 Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
 Her amber tresses negligently gay.
 Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
 And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distil.
 The songful zephyrs, and the laughing hours, 65
 Breathe sweet; and strew her opening way with flowers.

The chattering swallows leave their nested care,
 Each promising return with plenteous fare.
 So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
 Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries. 70

Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
 Hang hovering, ere they seek their guiltless food.

Fondly

Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
 Like our first parents, part the amorous pair :
 But ah !—a pair no more !—With spreading wings, 75
 From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs ;
 Steady he sails along th' aerial grey,
 Swoops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.
 Start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
 Men meditating prey on human kind ? 80
 Wild beasts to gloomy dens replace their way,
 Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd
 prey.

Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarving fly,
 And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.

Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the sun 85
 Is warn'd the blue ætherial steep to run.

While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
 From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.
 The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
 Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure plays :
 The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
 Where all his labours in mosaic shine.

His coronet, a cloud of silver-white ;
 His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
 Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store ! 95
 While his loose locks descend, a golden shower.

If to his steps compar'd, we tardy find
 The Grecian racers, who outstript the wind,
 Fleet to the glowing race behold him start !
 His quickening eyes a quivering radiance dart, 100

And, while this last nocturnal flag is furl'd,
 Swift into life and motion look the world.
 The sun-flower now averts her blooming cheek
 From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
 What gay, creative, power his presence brings! 105
 Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
 All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,
 Instant begins in colours to exist:
 But absent these from sons of riot keep,
 Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep. 110
 T' unlock his fence, the new-risen swain prepares,
 And ere forth-driven recounts his fleecy cares;
 When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
 Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
 But by the pastor not in vain defied, 115
 Like our arch foe by some celestial guide.

Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey:
 Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day.
 He sees yon tower-like ship the waves divide,
 And slips again beneath the glassy tide. 120

The watery herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flowers,
 Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly showers.

Hail, glorious sun! to whose attractive fires,
 The weaken'd, vegetative life aspires!
 The juices, wrought by thy directive force, 125
 Thro' plants, and trees, perform their genial course,
 Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
 The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
 Expand in leaves, in flowery blossoms shoot,
 Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit. 130

From

THE WANDERER, CANTO IV. 165

From Thee, bright, universal Power! began
Instinct in brute, and generous love in man.

Talk'd I of love?—Yon swain, with amorous air,
Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks; then, listening as he plays, 135
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.

The trout, that deep, in winter, ocz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.

The tenants of the warren, vainly chac'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast, 140
Seek their small vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the skipping train;
Red massacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.

The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd, 145
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.

Near Neptune's temple (Neptune's now no more),
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore, 150
In sportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human-kind:
Dear, pleasing friendship!—See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim at Superstition stands!

Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green, 155
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.

O Gibbs, whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay; 160

When Ignorance and Scorn the ground shall tread,
 Where Wisdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;
 Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim;
 What, but the Muse alone, preserve thy name?

The sun shines, broken, through yon arch that rears
 This once-round fabric, half depriv'd by years,
 Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
 Encircling pillars now unfaithful found;
 In fragments, these the fall of those forebode,
 Which, nodding, just up-heave their crumbling load,
 High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,
 Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
 The stork inhabits her aerial nest;
 By her are liberty and peace carest;
 She flies the realms that own despotic kings, 175
 And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings.
 The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
 And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant;
 Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
 And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by. 180

An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
 Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
 Whirl'd down a steep, it flies with torrent-force,
 Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious course.

Attracted mists a golden cloud commence, 185
 While through high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
 Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
 Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
 Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
 Leads lengthening in the rock—Be this my seat. 190

Heat

THE WANDERER, CANTO IV. 167

Heat never enters here ; but Coolness reigns
O'er zephyrs, and distilling, watery veins.
Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
And live o'er scenes of many a backward age ;
Through days, months, years, through time's whole
course I run, 195

And present stand where time itself begun.

Ye mighty Dead, of just, distinguish'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright instructors!) here I claim.
Here ancient knowledge opens nature's springs ;
Here truths historic give the hearts of kings. 200
Hence contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours' virtue on th' attentive mind :
O lov'd retreat ! thy joys content bestow,
Nor guilt, nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see, 205
That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.

Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
While in death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
His daughter dear!—Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguish torn. 210
Wild his complaint ! Nor sweeter Sorrow's strains,
When Singer for Alexis lost complains.
Each friend condole, expostulates, reproves ;
More than a father raving Tully loves ;
Or Sallust censures thus !—Unheeding blame, 215
He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.

Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,

The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast. 220

But hark! a sudden power attunes the air!
Th' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks
prolong.

I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold! 225
From ocean steam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd:
A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full-orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming light,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light. 230
Amaz'd I stood!—amaz'd I still remain!

What earthly power this wonder can explain?
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away:
My eyes restor'd, a mortal form survey.
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he.—All hail! (he cries) 235
I see, and would alleviate, thy surprize.

The vanish'd meteor was heaven's message meant,
To warn thee hence: I knew the high intent.
Hear then! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
Departed faints converse with men inspir'd. 240
'Tis sacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.

Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heaven-born Muse!
Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale 245
To the mid, silent wood, or vocal vale;

Where

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 169

Where trees half check the light with trembling shades,
Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where furrounding vistas far descend,
The landscape varied at each lessening end; 250
She, only she can mortal thought refine,
And raise thy voice to visitants divine.

CANTO V.

WE left the cave. Be Fear (said I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.

By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends, 5
Whose top a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.

Now, from the full-grown day a beamy shower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flower. 10
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays:
They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watery racer, snatch'd away.

Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups beneath far-striking colours glance,
Bright as th' ethereal glows the green expanse.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light. 20

From

From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
 Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.
 Through her clear channel shine her finny shoals,
 O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
 Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay, 25
 And shape, through rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
 Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
 Now lost, she seems through nether tracts to flow;
 Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
 Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate. 30
 In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains, run
 The flocks:—their fleeces glistening in the sun;
 Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring
 Recline in various attitudes of ease. [trees,
 Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry, 35
 Swift from the shore, in scattering myriads fly.

Each livery'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
 Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.
 'The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bower,
 And circling fettle, and despoils the flower. 40
 Melodious there the plummy songsters meet,
 And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.
 Neat polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay;
 Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
 The sun plays glittering on the rocks and spires, 45
 And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here Mirth, and Fancy's wanton train advance,
 And to light measures turn the swimming dance.
 Sweet, flow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
 Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears. 50

Here

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 171

Here Meditation shines, in azure drest,
 All-starr'd with gems ; a sun adorns her crest.
 Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes
 Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies ;
 Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight ; 55
 Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight ;
 Whose brow is majesty ; whose bosom peace ;
 Who bade creation be, and chaos cease ;
 Whose breath perfumes the spring ; whose eye divine
 Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine. 60
 Here, in thy likeness, fair Ophelia, * seen,
 She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
 Next her Description, rob'd in various hues,
 Invites attention from the pensive Muse !
 The Muse !—she comes ! refin'd the Passions wait, 65
 And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
 The Muse ! a thousand spirits wing the air
 (Once men, who made like her mankind their care) :
 Inamour'd round her press th' inspiring throng,
 And swell to ecstasy her solemn song. 70

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
 Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
 Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
 The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
 The hours of storm, or calm, the gleby ground, 75
 The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
 A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
 Each image strikes with energy divine ;

Bacon,

* Mrs. Oldfield.

Bacon and Newton in her thoughts conspire ;
Nor sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre. 80

My Hermit thus. She beckons us away :
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey !

Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay, 85
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays ;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze ; 90
Each a wild length of melody pursues ;
While the soft murmuring, amorous wood-dove coos.
And, when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.

But a^s smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm ; 95
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform ;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once, in discord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypress, croaks the raven's cry ;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chattering pie : 100
The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharpening shriek.

At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd.
Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find, 105
Whose russet rags hang fluttering in the wind :
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.

Poor

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 173

Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
 He meets the frequent flight, and ruthless taunt. 110
 On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squandering peer;
 But passing knows not common bounty here.
 Vain thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
 His our first fire: what race more ancient thine?
 Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw 115
 From men, whose influence kept the world in awe:
 Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
 Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
 So thine may perish, by the course of things,
 While his, from beggars, re-ascend to kings. 120
 Now, lazarus, as thy hardships I peruse,
 On my own state instructed would I muse.
 When I view greatness, I my lot lament;
 Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
 I might have felt, did heaven not gracious deal, 125
 A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
 But soft! the cripple our approach descries,
 And to the gate, though weak, officious hies.
 I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
 Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say, 130
 Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
 Instance of will, without the power to give.
 Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
 How must we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
 When God-like souls endure a mean restraint; 135
 When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
 He truly feels what to distress belongs,
 Who to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
 Merit's

Merit's a mark, at which disgrace is thrown,
And every injur'd virtue is his own.

140

Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure;

Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And, though depress'd, superior to their fate.

Minions in power, and misers, 'mid their store, 145
Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.

What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd for
A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade? [aid,
In power we savage tyranny behold,

And wily avarice owns polluted gold.

150

From golden sands her pride could Libya raise,

Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our praise?

Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters breed;

Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,

No sheltering trees invite the Wanderer's eye, 155

No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply;

On her vast wilds no lovely prospects run;

But all lies barren, though beneath the sun.

My Hermit thus. I know thy soul believes,

'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves; 160

Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,

Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.

Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,

Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.

The naked cliff, that singly rough remains, 165

In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;

Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,

Shew, though in broken views, the blue serene.

Severe

Severe distresses industry inspire ;
 Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire, 170
 And boldly struggle through a state of shame,
 To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
 Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
 And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
 We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife,
 To calm content, through death to endless life.
 Libya thou nam'st—Let Afric's wastes appear
 Curst by those heats, that fructify the year ;
 Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
 Where clustering globes in shining rows depend. 180
 Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
 There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
 Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprize,
 Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
 Sad wintery blasts, that strip the autumn, bring 185
 The milder beauties of a flowery spring.
 Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break !
 Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake !
 Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear !
 Deep crack the rocks ! rent trees be whirl'd in air ! 190
 Rest at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn ;
 Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn ;
 Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
 Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn :
 Then all were lost !—Or would we floating view 195
 The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew ;
 Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engendering lie,
 Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky.

Now

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
 In parcel'd tracts to various uses wrought. 200
 Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
 There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
 Here swelling peas on leafy stalks are seen,
 Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between;
 Whose weaving beauties, heighten'd by the sun, 205
 In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
 There the next produce of a genial shower,
 The beans fresh-blossoms in a speckled flower;
 Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
 With undulating sweets embalm the wind. 210
 Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
 And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
 There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
 Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
 The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd, 215
 Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
 For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds;
 The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
 As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
 Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave. 220
 Hence, to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
 Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd vestments play:
 But Industry prepares them oft to please
 The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.
 Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow, 225
 And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
 Windward we shift. Near down th' ethereal steep,
 The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.

Dun

Dun shades, in rocky shapes up æther roll'd,
 Project long, shaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold. 230
 Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's die,
 And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
 Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a sky serene,
 In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
 Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
 And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
 From brown, to sandy red, and chalky hues.
 One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
 Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing
 steeds, 240

Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
 Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
 On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
 When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd streams,
 This way, and that, they different points pursue; 245
 So mix the motions, and so shifts the view,
 While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
 The gifts of heaven in gay profusion rise;
 Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels rocks;
 Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves,
 and flocks; 250

Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods;
 Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
 In darkening spots, mid fields of various dyes,
 Tilt new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
 Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display, 255
 The green grass yellowing into scentful hay.

And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
 And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
 Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
 Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green. 260
 The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
 By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
 There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
 In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
 'Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flowers amuse, 265
 And form a lucid chace of various hues;
 Many half-grey with dust: confus'd they lie,
 Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
 The Muse preceding with her heavenly train. 270
 When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
 Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
 And yet a view, more strange, our heed demands;
 Touch'd by the Muse's wand transform'd he stands.
 O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads; 275
 The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds;
 Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
 And rags now chang'd, in regal vestments shine.
 The Hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
 Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold; 280
 The BARD, whose want so multiplied his woes,
 He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.

See!—where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
 And, waving o'er yon graves, brown horrors throw,
 Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust, 285
 Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.

Vain

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 179

Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd.

But thus the BARD. Are these the gifts of state?
Gifts unreceiv'd!—These? Ye ungenerous great! 290

How was I treated when in life forlorn?

My claim your pity; but my lot your scorn.

Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?

In me did poverty from guilt proceed?

Did I contemporary authors wrong, 295

And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my song?

Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray,

In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?

Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain,

Or, once-licentious, heavenly truths profane? 300

Never.—And yet when envy sunk my name,

Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame?

When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,

What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law?

Who cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed? 305

Why crush'd the living? Why extoll'd the dead?—

But foreign languages adopt my lays,

And distant nations shame you into praise.

Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause?

Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause: 310

Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,

And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?

Be your's the mouldering tomb! Be mine the lay

Immortal!—Thus he scoffs the pomp away.

Though words like these unletter'd pride impeach, 315

To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.

Though now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
 The face of human friendship, oft of care;
 To walk disguis'd an object of relief.
 A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief; 320
 Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
 Craving some kind, some hospitable home;
 Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand;
 Beseeching Pity's eye, and Bounty's hand;
 Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request, 325
 Wandering from court to court, a king distressed.
 Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
 Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow:
 Then to the Muse relates each lordly name,
 Who deals impartial infamy and fame. 330
 Oft, as when man in mortal state depress'd,
 His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd,
 He now forms visionary scenes below,
 Inspiring patience in the heart of woe;
 Patience, that softens every sad extreme, 335
 That casts through dungeon-glooms a chearful gleam,
 Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
 And strips of terrors the terrific king,
 'Gainst Want, a sorer foe, its succour lends,
 And smiling sees th' ingratitude of friends. 340
 Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd.
 Millions invisible befriend mankind.
 When watery structures, seen cross heaven t' ascend,
 Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
 Fancy beholds, adown each glittering side, 345
 Myriads of missionary seraphs glide;

She

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 181

She sees good angels genial showers bestow
 From the red convex of the dewy bow.
 They smile upon the swain: He views the prize;
 Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies. 350
 Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
 Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails;
 There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
 Unequal'd glory in her Sovereign's name.
 Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear, 355
 And float the balmy health on ambient air;
 Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers listening lie,
 Along the grove in melting music die,
 And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
 Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul. 360
 Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
 Clear-pointed to the philosophic eye;
 The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
 The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays;
 The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows, 365
 And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes;
 All-cheering green, that gives the spring its dye;
 The bright, transparent blue, that robes the sky;
 And indico, which shaded light displays;
 And violet, which in the view decays. 370
 Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
 An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed;
 Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
 When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
 Oft through these bows departed spirits range, 375
 New to the skies, admiring at their change;

Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
 Behold a second blank in second birth ;
 Then, as yon seraph bard fram'd hearts below,
 Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show, 380
 New saints he tutors into truth refin'd,
 And tunes to rapturous love the new-form'd mind.
 He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays
 Call high Hosannas from the voice of praise ;
 Though one bad age such poesy could wrong, 385
 Now worlds around retentive roll the song :
 Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
 Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.

Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
 Sees joys resulting from well-suffering grief. 390
 Hark ! while we talk, a distant pattering rain
 Refounds !—See ! up the broad ætherial plain
 Shoots the bright bow !—The seraph flits away ;
 The Muse, the Graces from our view decay.

Behind yon western hill the globe of light 395
 Drops sudden ; fast-pursued by shades of night.

Yon graves from winter-scenes to mind recall
 Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
 What fiends in sulphurous, car-like clouds up-flew !
 What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view ! 400
 And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
 Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems ;
 But Justice, rous'd, superior strength employs,
 Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys.
 Discord she wills ; the missile ruin flies ; 405
 Sudden, unnatural debates arise,

Doubt

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 183

Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
 Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd distrust;
 To secret ferment is each heart resign'd;
 Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind; 410
 They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile,
 And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile;
 Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray;
 Each dire device starts naked into day;
 They feel confusion in the van with fear; 415
 They feel the king of terrors in the rear.

Of these were three by different motives fired,
 Ambition one, and one Revenge inspired.
 The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave;
 Thou idol seldom of the great and brave! 420

Florio, whose life was one continued feast,
 His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd,
 Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
 Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires;
 He, to repair by vice what vice has broke, 425
 Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
 His strength of mind, by luxury half dissolv'd,
 Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
 He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
 Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries, 430
 Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
 And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
 Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
 Upbraids himself; then thinks alone on life.
 He rolls red swelling, tearful eyes around, 435
 Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground.

He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
 Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies:
 Revives, with hope enquires, stops short with fear,
 Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worst will hear; 440
 The worst, alas, his doom!—What friend replies?
 Each speaks with shaking head, and down-cast eyes.
 One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear;
 Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
 But what kind friendship part reserves unknown 445
 Comes thundering in his keeper's furly tone.
 Enough struck through and through, in ghastly stare,
 He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
 Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows,
 Till thought returns, and brings return of woes: 450
 Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams:
 That past—collected in himself he seems,
 And with forc'd smile retires—His latent thought
 Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.

If with himself at variance ever-wild, 455
 With angry heaven how stands he reconcil'd?
 No penitential orisons arise;
 Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
 Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
 His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans, 460
 To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
 Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
 To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
 One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
 At length, fatigued with grief, on earth he lies: 465
 But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,

Glad

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 185

Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering stores display:
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way. 470
What gold! What gems!—he strains to seize the prize;
Quick from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries—and must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive sleep!
Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind, 475
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling dæmons call;
Wide-flying portals seem unhing'd to fall:
Then close with sudden claps; a dreadful din!
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within. 480

His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, though shameful death?
Rash, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live, 485
Murderous he strikes—may heaven the deed forgive!

Why had he thus false spirit to rebel?
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were his success, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe, 490
Heaven this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life mispent.

Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways, 495
Stak'd through he lies.—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.
Near

Near yonder fane, where misery sleeps in peace,
 Whose spire fast-lessens, as these shades increase,
 Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
 Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul! 500
 There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd!
 His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
 When out of power, through him the public good,
 So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
 In power, vindictive actions were his aim, 505
 And patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous flame.
 If the best cause he in the senate chose,
 Ev'n right in him from some wrong motive rose.
 The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despise;
 Yet courted for dark ends, and shunn'd the wise. 510
 When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
 His malice had a look, and voice humane.
 His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
 A private poniard, or empoison'd scent;
 Proud, yet to popular applause a slave; 515
 No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
 His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
 The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
 But, if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
 Bounty in him was ostentation all, 520
 No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
 His noblest actions are illustrious crimes,
 Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
 Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
 When parts in probity in man combine, 525
 In wisdom's eye, how charming must he shine!

Let

Let him, less happy, truth at least impart
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion, which his nature feels: 530
He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride;
But pride and anger make all fear subside.

Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate;
A desperate spirit! rather fierce, than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast, 535
A sullen, wandering, self-tormenting ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing, lengthening aisle we find,
Full east; whence God returns to judge mankind, 540
Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate!

Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth survey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they said.
Straight heard the Furies, and with envy glar'd, 545
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.

First Avarice came. In vain Self-love she press'd;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend. 550

Next came Revenge: but her essay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice the mother of vindictive rage.

No—from his life his foes might learn to live; 555
He held it still a triumph to forgive.

At

At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
 Assuming the fair look of public Zeal ;
 Still in his breast so generous glow'd the flame,
 The vice, when there, a virtue half became. 560
 His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
 He deem'd it godlike to have power to bless:
 Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er;
 And virtue and content were then no more.

But when to death by rigorous justice doom'd, 565
 His genuine spirit faint-like state resum'd,
 Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear ;
 Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear ;
 Oft would a drop from struggling nature fall,
 And then a smile of patience brighten all. 570

He seeks in heaven a friend, nor seeks in vain.
 His guardian angel swift descends again ;
 And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
 Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd ;
 —Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will 575
 Of common, desperate veterans in ill,
 Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
 Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear ?
 No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
 To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight. 580
 Ye dungeon glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
 Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies ?
 No!—from her clearer sight ye fled away,
 Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
 Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan ! 585
 Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan !

Do

Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
 Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
 No!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!
 Behold how willing glides my parting breath! 560
 Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!
 Like me, have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
 Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
 Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
 Shail I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd, 565
 Whose virtue shone not, though I lov'd mankind,
 Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
 Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!
 Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
 He taught me patience, who first taught me woe; 600
 But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
 For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
 Not those, yet absent, missive griefs control;
 These periods weep, those rave, and these condole,
 At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprize; 605
 Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies;
 One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
 Ah, who can bear?—it shocks, it murders rest!
 And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
 And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal? 610
 Is mine the patience, yours the bosom strife?
 Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life?
 Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! swift depart!
 Ah, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my heart.
 Ye faints, whom fears of death could ne'er control,
 In my last hour compose, support my soul!

See

At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
 Assuming the fair look of public Zeal;
 Still in his breast so generous glow'd the flame,
 The vice, when there, a virtue half became. 560
 His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
 He deem'd it godlike to have power to bless:
 Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er;
 And virtue and content were then no more.

But when to death by rigorous justice doom'd, 565
 His genuine spirit saint-like state resum'd,
 Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
 Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;
 Oft would a drop from struggling nature fall,
 And then a smile of patience brighten all. 570

He seeks in heaven a friend, nor seeks in vain.
 His guardian angel swift descends again;
 And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
 Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd;
 —Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will 575
 Of common, desperate veterans in ill,
 Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
 Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?
 No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
 To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight. 580
 Ye dungeon glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
 Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies?
 No!—from her clearer fight ye fled away,
 Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
 Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan! 585
 Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!

Do

Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
 Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
 No!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!
 Behold how willing glides my parting breath! 590
 Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!
 Like me, have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
 Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
 Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
 Shail I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd, 595
 Whose virtue shone not, though I lov'd mankind,
 Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
 Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!
 Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
 He taught me patience, who first taught me woe; 600
 But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
 For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
 Not those, yet absent, missive griefs control;
 These periods weep, those rave, and these condole,
 At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprize; 605
 Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies;
 One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
 Ah, who can bear?—it shocks, it murders rest!
 And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
 And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal? 610
 Is mine the patience, yours the bosom strife?
 Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life?
 Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! swift depart!
 Ah, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my heart.
 Ye saints, whom fears of death could ne'er control,
 In my last hour compose, support my soul!

See

See my blood wash repented sin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal day!

With words like these the destin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his soul to happier skies. 620

Distinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkness deepening o'er the formless walk.
Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,
Nor bright-distends her star-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet, inclement damps distil, 625
Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the sable skies,
Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.
So pride, that rose from dust to guilty power,
Glares out in vain; so dust shall pride devour. 630

Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With toothful tridents strike the scaly train.
Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.

While here, methought, our time in converse pass'd,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore fast.
At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,
And the warn'd master's arms forbad the prey!
Thus treason steels, the patriot thus descries,
Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies. 640

Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth of
night,
Scattering, like hope through fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful Love.
Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue, 645
And Pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.

The

The Night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
 Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd;
 But like the man, whose frequent stubborn will
 Resists what kind, seraphic sounds instil, 650
 Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
 Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd;
 Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
 The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.

Now fast we measure back the trackless way; 655
 No friendly stars directive beams display.
 But lo!—a thousand lights shoot instant rays;
 Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.

I stand astonish'd—thus the hermit cries:
 Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprize! 660
 Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
 And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
 Grotts, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
 Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.

Can I be mortal, and those hours no more, 665
 Those amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
 Am I the same? Ah no!—Behold a mind,
 Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!

Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
 Saw my health languish off in pale decay. 670
 No racking pain yet gave disease a date;

No sad, presageful thought preluded fate:
 Yet number'd were my days—My destin'd end
 Near, and more near—Nay, every fear suspend!
 I pass'd a weary, lingering, sleepless night: 675
 Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light:

But

But few my steps—a faint, and cheerless few!
 Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew.
 When, low, retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
 My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid, 680
 Soon by soft-creeping, murmuring winds compos'd,
 A slumber press'd my languid eyes—They clos'd:
 But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia spoke;
 'Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke.
 I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighbouring wood,
 Full in my view the shadowy charmer stood.
 Rapturous I started up to clasp the shade;
 But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
 A mantling chillness o'er my bosom spread,
 As if that instant number'd with the dead. 690
 Her voice now sent a far, imperfect sound,
 When in a swimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
 Still farther off she call'd—With soft surprize,
 I turn'd—but void of strength, and aid to rise;
 Short, shorter, shorter yet, my breath I drew: 695
 'Then up my struggling soul unburthen'd flew.
 'Thus from a state, where sin and grief abide,
 Heaven summon'd me to mercy—thus I died.

He said. Th' astonishment with which I start,
 Like bolted ice runs shivering through my heart. 700
 Art thou not mortal then? I cried. But lo!
 His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
 In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
 Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air.
 Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam; 705
 Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme.

Bright

Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
Vest, robe, and wings, in varied lustre show.
He looks, and forward steps with mien divine;

A grace celestial gives him all to shine. 710

He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
The forests move, and streams stand listening round!

Thus he. As incorruption I assum'd,
As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs, 715

With different lights discern'd the form of things;
To earth my passions fell like mists away,

And reason open'd in eternal day.

Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celestial knowledge shone in every view. 720

My food was truth—what transport could I miss?

My prospect, all infinitude of bliss.

Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,

Onward to mercy led the shining way;

As far transcendant to her wonted air, 725

As her dear wonted self to many a fair!

In voice, and form, beauty more beauteous shows,

And harmony still more harmonious grows.

She points out souls, who taught me friendship's charms,

They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms! 730

Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command;

Patrons and patriots all; a glorious band!

Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,

Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind!

What once, below, ambition made him miss, 735

Humility here gain'd, a life of bliss!

VOL. XLI.

O

Though

Though late, let sinners then from sin depart!
 Heaven never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
 Last shone, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
 The SERAPH-BARD, in highest order plac'd! 740
 Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
 All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
 Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
 Greet smiles with smiles, and every joy with joy:
 Charmful he rose; his ever-charmful tongue 745
 Joy to our second hymeneals sung;
 Still as we pass'd, the bright, celestial throng
 Hail'd us in social love, and heavenly song.

Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
 I come an Angel to the Muse and Thee. 750
 These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
 Are emanations all of forms divine.
 And here the Muse, though melted from thy gaze,
 Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
 If thou would'st peace attain, my words attend, 755
 The last, fond words of thy departed friend!
 True joy's a seraph, that to heaven aspires,
 Unhurt it triumphs mid' celestial choirs.
 But should no cares a mortal state molest,
 Life were a state of ignorance at best. 760

Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
 Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
 Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
 Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
 Justly to know thyself, peruse mankind; 765
 To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:

Without

Without such science of the worldly scene,
 What is retirement?—Empty pride or spleen:
 But with it wisdom. There shall cares refine,
 Render'd by contemplation half-divine. 770

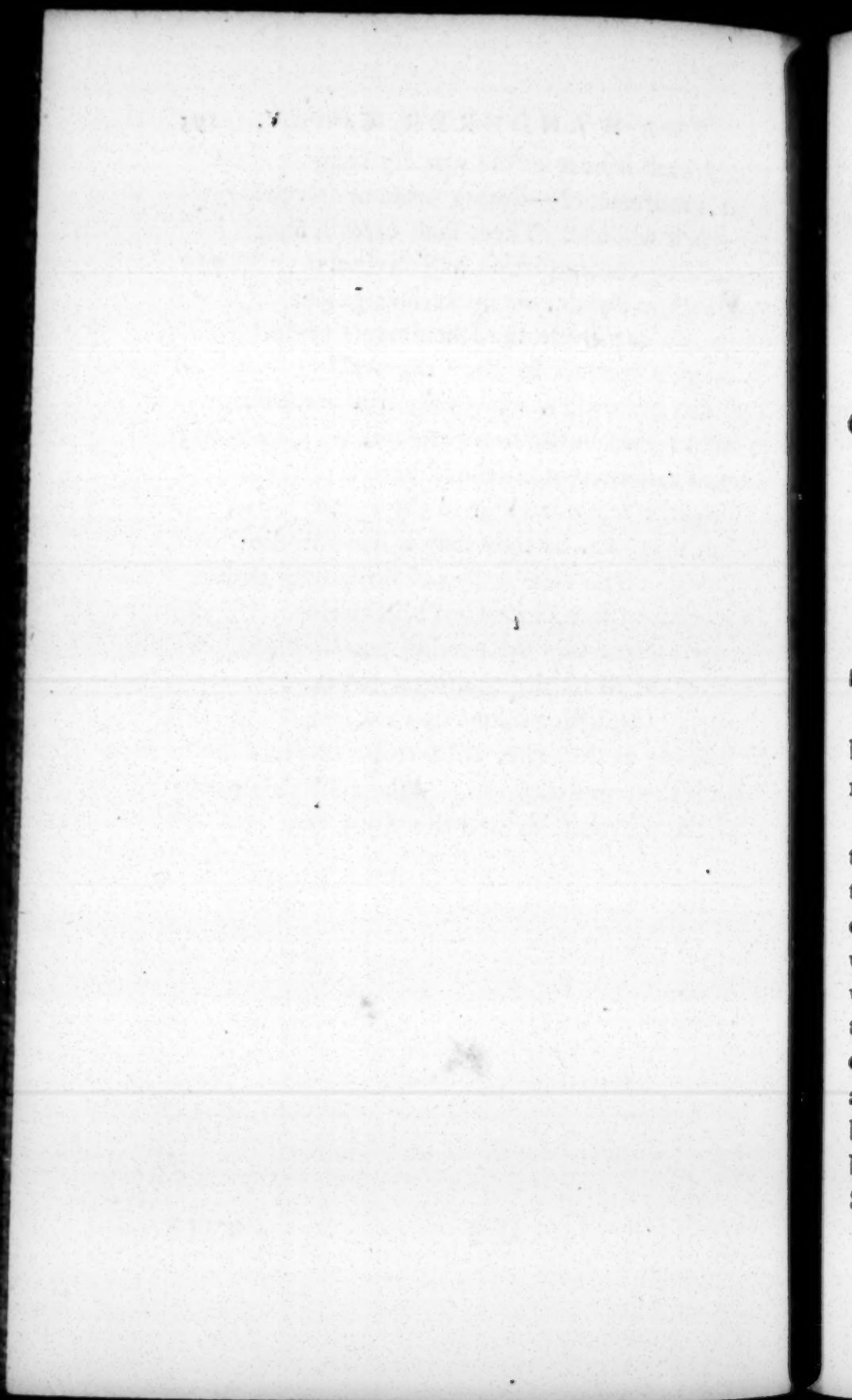
Trust not the frantic, or mysterious guide,
 Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
 On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
 They dim not reason, when they truth reveal;
 So shall religion in thy heart endure, 775
 From all traditionary falsehood pure;

So life make death familiar to thy eye,
 So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die;
 And, though thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
 From transient woe, immortal bliss derive. 780

Farewell—Nay, stop the parting tear!—I go!
 But leave the Muse thy comforter below.

He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
 He lessening as they rise, till seen no more.

While Contemplation weigh'd the mystic view, 785
 The lights all vanish'd, and the vision flew.



T H E B A S T A R D :

Inscribed with all due Reverence to

MRS. B R E T T,

ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

"Decet hæc dare dona Novercam." Ov. Met.

P R E F A C E.

THE reader will easily perceive these verses were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger against the Lady, to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one who thought it his duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a Mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my Sovereign.

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint—When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of thinking, I consider, as I was a Derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe. For being a spot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the rights of his Royalty.

While I presume to name his Majesty, I look back, with confusion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced ; because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the Royal Pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows ; and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which His Majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness ; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Possessing those advantages, my care had been, perhaps, how to enjoy life ; by the want of them I am taught this nobler lesson, to study how to deserve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE BASTARD.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began.

Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways,
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!

No sickly fruit of faint compliance He! 5

He! stamp in nature's mint of ecstasy!

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:

No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

His daring hope, no fire's example bounds;

His first-born lights, no prejudice confounds. 10

He, kindling from within, requires no flame;

He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,

In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;

Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice control, 15

His body independent as his soul;

Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,

Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:

Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,

His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own. 20

O Mother, yet no Mother! 'tis to you,

My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.

You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,

Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,

From all the dry devoirs of blood and line, 25

From ties maternal, moral and divine,

O 4

Discharg'd

Discharg'd my grasping soul ; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd, 30
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own !
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire, 35
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care ;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state ; 40
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a feat, by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot ;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot !
Strong as necessity, he starts away, 45
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung : Gay fluttering hope, my fancy fir'd ;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will, 50
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one ;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray ;
But now, expos'd, and shrinking from distress, 55
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press ;

My

My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!

Thou actor of our passions o'er again! 60

Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?

Why add continuous smart to every blow?

Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!

On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:

While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall; 65

Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st them all!

Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,

For mischief never meant, must ever smart?

Can self-defence be sin!—Ah, plead no more!

What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er? 70

Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,

Thou hadst not been provok'd—Or thou hadst died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all

On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!

Still the pale Dead revives, and lives to me, 75

To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to see.

Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;

Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.

Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,

What ripening virtues might have made their way! 80

He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,

Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.

He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;

Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd,

He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;

And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate

O fate of late repentance ! always vain :
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
 Where shall my hope find rest ?—No Mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer : 90
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
 Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd,
 Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
 First to advance, then skreen from future harm ?
 Am I return'd from death, to live in pain ? 95
 Or would Imperial Pity save in vain ?

Distrust it not—What blame can mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind ?
 Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear : 100
 All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
 Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd !

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
 New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim, 105
 But dare not whisper her immortal name ;
 Supremely lovely, and serenely great !
 Majestic Mother of a kneeling State !
 QUEEN of a People's heart, who ne'er before !
 Agreed—yet now with one consent adore ! 110
 One contest yet remains in this desire,
 Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY
 VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNELL'S
 RECOVERY AT BATH.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's
 charms,

And either India pours into her arms ;

Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,

And pleasures dance in one eternal round ;

High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame, 5

Goddeſs of mirth ! Euphroſyne her name.

Her ſmile more cheerful than a vernal morn ;

All life ! all bloom ! of Youth and Fancy born.

Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit !

She looks her Sire, and ſpeaks her Mother's wit. 10

O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns ;

Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp ſuſtains.

Thee, goddeſs ! thee ! the fair and young obey ;

Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.

In

In the bleak wild ev'n Want by thee is blest'd, 15
 And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for rest.
 The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
 The matchless treasure of a smiling mind.
 Science by thee flows soft in social ease,
 And virtue, losing rigour, learns to please. 20

The goddess summons each illustrious name,
 Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.
 She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
 From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
 But where (she cried) is she, my favorite! she 25
 Of all my race, the dearest far to me!
 Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?
 She said—But no Tyrconnel glads her sight.
 Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
 Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear. 30
 In kind low murmurs all the loss deplore!
 Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.

The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air;
 But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair.
 Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd, 35
 Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.
 Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes;
 Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,
 She flies, her eldest sister Health to find;
 She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd. 40
 Around her birds in earliest concert sing;
 Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
 Fresh-tinctur'd like a summer-evening sky,
 And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.

Loose

ON LADY TYRCONNEL. 205

Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow ; 45
 Her limbs yet-recent from the springs below ;
 There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
 Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure ;
 Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,
 And all their balmy virtues fast ascend. 50

Hail, sister, hail ! (the kindred goddess cries)
 No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
 You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
 Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought !
 Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline ! 55
 Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine !
 Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
 And the fresh green a fresher green displays !
 Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
 And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy. 60
 Such thy vast power !—The deity replies.

Mirth never asks a boon, which Health denies,
 Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth ;
 Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.
 These gales, yon springs, herbs, flowers, and sun, are
 mine ; 65

Thine is their smile ! be all their influence thine.

Euphrosyne rejoins—Thy friendship prove !
 See the dear, sickening object of my love !
 Shall that warm heart, so cheerful ev'n in pain,
 So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain ? 70
 Sister ! in her my smile anew display,
 And all the social world shall bless thy sway.

Swift,

Swift, as she speaks, Health spreads the purple
wing,

Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:
Now bland and sweet she floats along in air; 75
Air feels, and softening own th' æthereal fair!
In still descent she melts on opening flowers,
And deep impregnates plants with genial showers,
The genial showers, new-rising to the ray,
Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day. 80
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,
Breathes the sure earnest of awakening bliss.
Sapphira feels it, with a soft surprize, 85
Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes!

Instant in her own form the goddess glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps every charm; and, as she bathes, it lives! 90
As from her locks she sheds the vital shower,
'Tis done! (she cries) these springs possess my power!
Let these immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.
Thou smil'st Euphrosyne; and conscious see, 95
Prompt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee.
All is green life! all beauty rosy-bright;
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
See vernal Hours lead circling Joys along!
All fun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song! 100
Receive

ON LADY TYRCONNEL. 207

Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine.
Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
Quick to Augusta bear thy prize away;
There let her smile, and bid a world be gay.

A N

E P I S T L E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits, who sense nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth disguise;
At living worth, because alive, exclaim,
Insult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint, what pity veils in private woes, 5
And what we see with grief, with mirth expose;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors spare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the consort's tear:
Unconscious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To lose what they have ne'er deserv'd—a friend. 10
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd persist, and answer'd still debate:

Such,

Such, but by foils, the clearest lustre see,
And deem aspersing others, praising thee.
Far from these tracks my honest lays aspire, 15
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron flames!
When party-minds shall lose contracted views,
And history question the recording Muse; 20
'Tis this alone to after-times must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.

Long has my Muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small power, nor sought sublime applause;
From that great point she now shall urge her scope; 25
On that fair promise rest her future hope;
Where policy, from state-illusion clear,
Can through an open aspect shine sincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend; 30
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.

Where, for relief, flies Innocence distressed? 35
To you, who chase oppression from th' oppress'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more despair. 40

Ask they what state your sheltering care shall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor

Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
 Your ear still opening to the captive's cry.
 15 Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill, 45
 Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!

To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd,
 By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.
 Well hadst thou weigh'd what truth such friends afford,
 20 With thee resigning, and with thee restor'd. 50
 Thou taught'st them all extensive love to bear,
 And now mankind with thee their friendships share.

As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
 And showers down plenty thick on sundry lands,
 Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell, 55
 Made genius flourish, and made art excel.

How many, yet deceiv'd, all power oppose?
 Their fears increasing, as decrease their woes;
 Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
 30 And most oblig'd, most eager to complain. 60

But well we count our blifs, if well we view,
 When power oppression, not protection grew;
 View present ills that punish distant climes;
 Or bleed in memory here from ancient times.

Mark first the robe abus'd Religion wore, 65
 Story'd with griefs, and stain'd with human gore!
 What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
 Study'd, empower'd, and sanctify'd by zeal?

Stop here, my Muse!—Peculiar woes descry!
 Bid them in sad succession strike thy eye! 70
 Lo, to her eye the sad succession springs!
 She looks, she weeps, and, as she weeps, she sings.

See the doom'd Hebrew of his stores bereft !

See holy murder justify the theft !

His ravag'd gold some useless shrine shall raise, 75

His gems on superstitious idols blaze !

His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,

Stripp'd, starv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.

Lo, the Priest's hand the Wafer-God supplies!—

A King by consecrated poison dies ! 80

See Learning range yon broad æthereal plain,

From world to world, and god-like Science gain !

Ah ! what avails the curious search sustain'd,

The finish'd toil, the god-like Science gain'd ?

Sentenc'd to flames th' expansive wisdom fell, 85

And truth from heaven was forcery from hell.

See Reason bid each mystic wile retire,

Strike out new light ! and mark !—the wise admire !

Zeal shall such heresy, like Learning, hate ;

The same their glory, and the same their fate. 90

Lo, from sought mercy, one his life receives !

Life, worse than death, that cruel mercy gives :

The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,

Slaves in the mine, or ceaseless strains the oar.

So doom'd are these, and such perhaps, our doom, 95

Own'd we a Prince, avert it heaven ! from Rome.

Nor private worth alone false Zeal assails ;

Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.

What are sworn friendships ? What are kindred ties ?

What's faith with heresy ? (the zealot cries.) 100

See, when war sinks, the thundering cannon's roar ;

When wounds, and death, and discord are no more ;

When

When music bids undreading joys advance,
 Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance :
 When, to crown these, the social sparkling bowl 105
 Lifts the cheer'd sense, and pours out all the soul ;
 Sudden he sends red massacre abroad ;
 Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
 What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
 All-drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies ; 110
 The sword, which to th' assassin's hand is given !
 Th' assassin's hand !—pronounc'd the hand of heaven !
 Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age ;
 No rank, no place, no virtue, stops his rage ;
 Shall sword, and flame, and devastation cease, 115
 To please with zeal, wild zeal ! the God of Peace ?

Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
 When a King's will became a nation's fate,
 Enormous power ! Nor noble, nor serene ;
 Now fierce and cruel ; now but wild and mean. 120
 See titles sold, to raise th' unjust supply !
 Compell'd the purchase ! or be fin'd, or buy !
 No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
 Uncensur'd censures in his country's cause.
 See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan ! 125
 Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own ?
 Denying, see ! where dungeon-damps arise,
 Diseas'd he pines, and unassisted dies.
 Far more than massacre that fate accurst !
 As of all deaths the lingering is the worst. 130

New courts of censure griev'd with new offence,
 Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,

Explain'd, at will, each statute's wrested aim,
 Till marks of merit were the marks of shame ;
 So monstrous!—Life was the severest grief, 135
 And the worst death seem'd welcome for relief.

In vain the subject sought redress from law,
 No senate liv'd the partial judge to awe :
 Senates were void, and senators confin'd
 For the great cause of Nature and Mankind ; 140
 Who kings superior to the people own ;
 Yet prove the law superior to the throne.

Who can review without a generous tear,
 A Church, a State, so impious, so severe ;
 A land uncultur'd through polemic jars, 145
 Rich!—but with carnage from intestine wars ;
 The hand of Industry employ'd no more,
 And Commerce flying to some safer shore ;
 All property reduc'd, to Power a prey,
 And Sense and Learning chac'd by Zeal away? 150
 Who honours not each dear departed ghost,
 That strove for Liberty so won, so lost :
 So well regain'd when god-like William rose,
 And first entail'd the blessing George bestows?
 May Walpole still the growing triumph raise, 155
 And bid these emulate Eliza's days ;
 Still serve a Prince, who, o'er his people great,
 As far transcends in virtue, as in state !

The Muse pursues thee to thy rural seat ;
 Ev'n there shall Liberty inspire retreat. 160
 When solemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
 And sportive chat and social laughs go round :

Ev'n

Ev'n then, when pausing mirth begins to fail,
The converse varies to the serious tale.
The tale pathetic speaks some wretch that owes 165
To some deficient law reliefless woes.
What instant pity warms thy generous breast!
How all the legislator stands confess'd!
Now springs the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought! 170
New bills, which regulating means bestow,
Justice preserve, yet softening mercy know:
Justice shall low vexatious wiles decline,
And still thrive most, when lawyers most repine,
Justice from jargon shall refin'd appear, 175
To knowledge through our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their best assurance draw.

The freed Insolvent, with industrious hand,
Strives yet to satisfy the just demand: 180
Thus ruthless men, who would his powers restrain,
Oft what severity would lose obtain.
These, and a thousand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which Liberty benevolent inspires.
From Liberty the fruits of law increase, 185
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempests rave,
Adventurous sails, nor fears the wind and wave;
At home untir'd we find th' auspicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harvests, bless the land: 190
While there, the peasant glads the grateful soil,
Here mark the shipwright, there the mason toil,

Hew, square, and rear, magnificent, the stone,
 And give our oaks a glory not their own!
 What life demands by this obeys her call, 195
 And added elegance consummates all.
 Thus stately cities, statelier navies rise,
 And spread our grandeur under distant skies.
 From Liberty each nobler science sprung,
 A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenser sung: 200
 A Clarke and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
 And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
 What Trade sees Property that wealth maintain,
 Which Industry no longer dreads to gain;
 What tender conscience kneels with fears resign'd, 205
 Enjoys her worship, and avows her mind;
 What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
 And to safe Science every thought sublimes;
 What Royal Power, from his superior state,
 Sees public happiness his own create; 210
 But kens those patriot-souls, to which he owes
 Of old each source, whence now each blessing flows?
 And if such spirits from their heaven descend,
 And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
 Flame from one breast, and thence to Britain shine, 215
 What love, what praise, O Walpole, then is thine?

THE
VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A P O E M.

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

NO. I.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since hope, kind flatterer! tun'd my pensive lay,
Whispering, that you, who rais'd me from despair,
Meant, by your smiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to skreen 5
And o'er the motherless extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's strain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
Heaven gave you power; because you love to bless;
And pity, when you feel it, is redress. 10

Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no son!
The senate next, whose aid the helpless own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pitiless, nor peers unkind, 15
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade.

P 4

You

You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
 Your heart is woman, tho' your mind be more; 20
 Kind, like the power who gave you to our prayers,
 You would not lengthen life to sharpen cares;
 They, who a barren leave to live bestow,
 Snatch but from death to sacrifice to woe.
 Hated by her from whom my life I drew, 25
 Whence should I hope, if not from heaven and you?
 Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
 My queen my mother, and my father—God.

The pitying Muses saw me wit pursue;
 A bastard-son, alas! on that side too, 30
 Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
 And what the Muse denies, the queen inspire?
 While rising thus your heavenly soul to view,
 I learn, how angels think, by copying you.

Great princess! 'tis decreed—once every year 35
 I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
 Thus shall your poet his low genius raise,
 And charm the world with truths too vast for praise.
 Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
 Since surer means to tempt your smiles are known; 40
 Your Poet shall allot your lord his part,
 And paint him in his noblest throne—your heart.

Is there a greatness that adorns Him best,
 A rising wish, that ripens in his breast?
 Has He foremeant some distant age to bless, 45
 Disarm oppression, or expel distress?
 Plans He some scheme to reconcile mankind,
 People the seas, and busy every wind?

Would

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 217

Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And smile contending factions into shame? 50
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own soft morals o'er his state?
The Muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,
And teach the world his praise, to charm his queen.
Such be the annual truths my verse imparts 55
Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
Happy if, plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My Muse, unpension'd, might her pinions try;
Fearless to fail, whilst you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boast your Laureat's name; 60
Renobled thus by wreaths my queen bestows,
I lose all memory of wrongs and woes.

T H E
VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.
A P O E M.

ON HER
MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1732-3.

NO. II.

"GREAT princess, 'tis decreed! once every year,
" I march uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer."
So sung the Muse; nor sung the Muse in vain:
My queen accepts, the year renews the strain.

Ere

Ere first your influence shone with heavenly aid, 5
 Each thought was terror; for each view was shade.
 Fortune to life each flowery path deny'd;
 No science learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
 Instead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
 Or stream, sweet-echoing to the tuneful tale; 10
 Damp dens confin'd, or barren deserts spread,
 With spectres haunted, and the Muses fled;
 Ruins in pensive emblem seem to rise,
 And all was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.

But hark! a gladdening voice all nature cheers! 15
 Disperse, ye glooms! a day of joy appears!
 Hail, happy day!—'Twas on thy glorious morn,
 The first, the fairest of her sex was born!
 How swift the change! Cold, wintery sorrows fly;
 Where-e'er she looks, delight surrounds the eye! 20
 Mild shines the sun, the woodlands warble round,
 The vales sweet echo, sweet the rocks resound!
 In cordial air, soft fragrance floats along;
 Each scene is verdure, and each voice is song!

Shoot from yon orb divine, ye quickening rays! 25
 Boundless, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
 Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye showers!
 And sweet ascend, and fair unfold ye flowers!
 Ye roses, lilies, you we earliest claim,
 In whiteness, and in fragrance, match her fame! 30
 'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
 Undying sweets, and bloom for ever new.
 Ye blossoms, that one varied landscape rise,
 And send your scentful tribute to the skies;

Diffusive

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 219

Diffusive like yon royal branches smile, 35

Grace the young year, and glad the grateful isle!

Attend, ye Muses! mark the feather'd quires!

Those the spring wakes, as you the queen inspires.

O, let her praise for ever swell your song!

Sweet let your sacred streams the notes prolong, 40

Clear, and more clear, through all my lays refine;

And there let heaven and her reflected shine!

As, when chill blights from vernal suns retire,

Chearful the vegetative world aspire,

Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try 45

Th' enlivening influence of a milder sky;

So gives her birth (like yon approaching spring)

The land to flourish, and the Muse to sing.

'Twas thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,

In learning, beauty, and in virtue shone; 50

Beneath her rose, Longinus, in thy name,

The poet's, critick's, and the patriot's fame!

Is there (so high be you, great princess, prais'd!)

A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?

Art learns to soar by your sweet influence taught; 55

In life well cherish'd; nor in death forgot:

In death, as life, the learn'd your goodness tell!

Witness the sacred busts of Richmond's cell!

Sages, who in unfading light will shine;

Who grasp'd at science, like your own, divine! 60

The Muse, who hails with song this glorious morn,

Now looks through days, through months, through
years unborn;

All

All white they rise, and in their course exprest
 A king by kings rever'd, by subjects blest!
 A queen, where-e'er true greatness spreads in fame; 65
 Where learning towers beyond her sex's aim;
 Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
 Of faith too little, or of zeal too much;
 Where these behold, as on this blest'd of morns,
 What love protects them, and what worth adorns; 70
 Where-e'er diffusive goodness smiles, a queen
 Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder seen!
 See nations round, of every wish possess!
 Life in each eye, and joy in every breast!
 Shall I, on what I lightly touch'd, explain? 75
 Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finish'd strain?
 No!—let the Poet stop unequal lays,
 And to the just historian yield your praise.

T H E
 V O L U N T E E R L A U R E A T.
 A P O E M.
 O N H E R

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

NO. III.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant songs,
 'Twas mine to be inspir'd alone by wrongs;
 Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
 Drank infant tears, and still pursue the man.

Life

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 221

Life scarce is life—Dejection all is mine; 5
 The power, that loves in lonely shades to pine;
 Of fading cheek, of unelated views;
 Whose weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuse.
 'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
 Who shuns th' oppress'd, to fortune only kind; 10
 Whose pity's insult, and whose cold respect
 Is keen as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.
 Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
 Ev'n dubious friendship half averts his face.
 Thus sunk in sickness, thus with woes oppress'd, 15
 How shall the fire awake within my breast?
 How shall the Muse her flagging pinions raise?
 How tune her voice to Carolina's praise?
 From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
 These with fair days and gentle seasons glow: 20
 Such give alone sweet Philomel to sing,
 And Philomel's the poet of the spring.

But soft, my soul! see yon celestial light!
 Before whose lambent lustre breaks the night.
 It glads me like the morning clad in dews, 25
 And beams reviving from the vernal Muse:
 Inspiring joyous peace, 'tis she! 'tis she!
 A stranger long to misery and me.

Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
 And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, shines. 30
 To form her garland, Zephyr, from his wing,
 Throws the first flowers and foliage of the spring.
 Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
 Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.

Behold

Behold, sweet-beaming her ætherial eyes!
 Soft as the Pleiades o'er the dewy skies.
 She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
 And pours the balm of comfort and repose;
 Bids the heart yield to Virtue's silent call,
 And shews Ambition's sons mere children all;
 Who hunt for toys which please with tinsel shine;
 For which they squabble, and for which they pine.
 Oh! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
 That breath'd thro' shepherd's pipe enchants the vale!
 Hark! she invites from city smoke and noise,
 Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;
 From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
 Untune the body, and pollute the mind:
 From crouds, to whom no social faith belongs,
 Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
 With whom politeness is but civil guile,
 And laws oppress, exerted by the vile.
 To this oppos'd, the Muse presents the scene;
 Where sylvan pleasures ever smiles serene;
 Pleasures that emulate the blest above,
 Health, innocence, and peace, the Muse, and Love;
 Pleasures that ravish, while alternate wrought
 By friendly converse, and abstracted thought.
 These sooth my throbbing breast. No loss I mourn;
 Though both from riches and from grandeur torn.
 Weep I a cruel mother? No—I've seen,
 From heaven, a pitying, a maternal queen.
 One gave me life; but would no comfort grant;
 She more than life resum'd by giving want.

Would

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 223

Would she the being which she gave destroy? 65

My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.

Honours and wealth I chearfully resign;

If competence, if learned ease be mine!

If I by mental, heartfelt joys be fir'd,

And in the vale by all the Muse inspir'd! 70

Here cease my plaint—See yon enlivening scenes!

Child of the spring! Behold the best of queens!

Softness and beauty rose this heavenly morn,

Dawn'd wisdom, and benevolence was born.

Joy, o'er a people, in her influence rose; 75

Like that which spring o'er rural nature throws.

War to the peaceful pipe resigns his roar,

And breaks his billows on some distant shore.

Domestic discord sinks beneath her smile,

And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the isle. 80

Lo! industry surveys, with feasted eyes,

His due reward, a plenteous harvest rise!

Nor (taught by commerce) joys in that alone;

But sees the harvest of a world his own.

Hence thy just praise, thou mild, majestic Thames! 85

Rich river! richer than Pactolus' streams!

Than those renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd

O'er intermingled pearls, and sands of gold.

How glorious thou, when from old ocean's urn,

Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return! 90

Alive thy banks! along each bordering line,

High cultur'd blooms, inviting villas shine:

And while around ten thousand beauties glow,

These still o'er those redoubling lustre throw.

“ Come

- " Come then (so whisper'd the indulgent Muse) 95
 " Come then, in Richmond groves thy sorrows lose !
 " Come then, and hymn this day ! The pleasing scene
 " Shews, in each view, the genius of thy queen.
 " Hear Nature whispering in the breeze her song !
 " Hear her sweet warbling through the feather'd
 " throng ! 100
 " Come ! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
 " And with the vegetative smile delight !
 " Sure such a scene and song will soon restore
 " Lost quiet, and give bliss unknown before ;
 " Receive it grateful, and adore, when given, 105
 " The goodness of thy parent, queen, and heaven !
 " With me each private virtue lifts the voice ;
 " While public spirit bids a land rejoice :
 " O'er all thy queen's benevolence descends,
 " And wide o'er all her vital light extends. 110
 " As winter softens into spring, to you
 " Blooms fortune's season, through her smile, anew.
 " Still for past bounty, let new lays impart
 " The sweet effusions of a grateful heart !
 " Cast though the telescope of hope your eye ! 115
 " There goodness infinite, supreme, descry !
 " From him that ray of virtue stream'd on earth,
 " Which kindled Caroline's bright soul to birth.
 " Behold ! he spreads one universal spring !
 " Mortals, transform'd to angels, then shall sing ; 120
 " Oppression then shall fly with want and shame,
 " And blessing and existence be the same ! "

T H E
V O L U N T E E R L A U R E A T.
A P O E M
O N H E R

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

NO. IV.

LO! the mild sun salutes the opening spring,
 And gladdening nature calls the Muse to sing;
 Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy sweets exhale,
 And health, and song, and fragrance fill the gale.
 Yet, mildest suns, to me are pain severe, 5
 And music's self is discord to my ear!
 I, jocund spring, unsympathizing, see,
 And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
 Dear health once fled, what spirits can I find!
 What solace meet, when fled my peace of mind? 10
 From absent books what studious hint devise?
 From absent friends, what aid to thought can rise?
 A genius whisper'd in my ear—Go seek
 Some man of state!—The Muse your wrongs may
 speak.
 But will such listen to the plaintive strain? 15
 The happy seldom heed th' unhappy's pain.
 To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
 Why left to poverty, repulse, and scorn?
 Why was I form'd of elegant desires?
 Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aspires! 20
 Vol. XLI. Q Why,

Why, by the proud, and wicked, crush'd to earth?
Better the day of death, than day of birth!

Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub smil'd;
"Hope, I am call'd (said he), a heaven-born child!
Wrongs sure you have; complain you justly may: 25
But let wild sorrow whirl not thought away!
No—trust to honour! that you ne'er will stain
From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
Trust more to Providence! from me ne'er swerve!
Once to distrust, is never to deserve. 30

Did not this day a Caroline disclose?
I promis'd at her birth, and blessing rose!
(Blessing, o'er all the letter'd world to shine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine!)
'Tis hers, as mine, to chace away despair; 35
Woe undeserv'd is her peculiar care.
Her bright benevolence sends me to grief:
On want sheds bounty, and on wrong relief."

Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind. 40
With her came Fortitude of god-like air!
These arm to conquer ills; at least to bear:
Arm'd thus, my queen, while wayward fates ordain,
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain;
Your bard, his sorrows with a smile endures; 45
Since to be wretched is, to be made yours.

T H E

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A N O D E

O N H E R

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

NO. V.

Y E spirits bright, that æther rove,
 That breathe the vernal soul of love;
 Bid health descend in balmy dews,
 And life in every gale diffuse;
 That give the flowers to shine, the birds to sing; 5
 Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of spring!
 The virgin snow-drop first appears;
 Her golden head the crocus rears.
 The flowery tribe, profuse and gay,
 Spread to the soft, inviting ray. 10
 So arts shall bloom by Carolina's smile,
 So shall her fame waft fragrance o'er the isle.
 The warblers various, sweet and clear,
 From bloomy sprays salute the year.
 O Muse, awake! ascend and sing! 15
 Hail the fair rival of the spring!
 To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
 To her, the pride of arts! the Muse's song.
 Kind, as of late her clement sway,
 The season sheds a tepid ray. 20

The storms of Boreas rave no more ;
 The storms of faction cease to roar,
 At vernal suns as wintry tempests cease,
 She, lovely power! smiles faction into peace.

T H E
 VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

For the 1st of MARCH, 1737-8.

A P O E M

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

H E R L A T E M A J E S T Y.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

H I S M A J E S T Y.

NO. VI.

OF T has the Muse, on this distinguish'd day,
 Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
 But, O lamented change! the lay must flow
 From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
 She, to this day who joyous lustre gave,
 Descends for ever to the silent grave.
 She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
 Of human race the pattern and the friend.

To

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 229

To be or fondly or severely kind,
 To check the rash or prompt the better mind, 10
 Parents shall learn from her, and thus shall draw
 From filial love alone a filial awe.
 Who seek in avarice wisdom's art to save;
 Who often squander, yet who never gave;
 From her these knew the righteous mean to find, 15
 And the mild virtue stole on half mankind.
 The lavish now caught frugal wisdom's lore;
 Yet still, the more they sav'd, bestow'd the more.
 Now misers learn'd at others woes to melt,
 And saw and wonder'd at the change they felt. 20
 The generous, when on her they turn'd their view,
 The generous ev'n themselves more generous grew,
 Learn'd the shunn'd haunts of shame-fac'd want to
 trace ;
 To goodness, delicacy, adding grace.
 The conscious cheek no rising blush confess'd, 25
 Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modest breast;
 Kind and more kind did thus her bounty shower,
 And knew no limit but a bounded power.
 This truth the widow's sighs, alas! proclaim;
 For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame. 30
 The wise beheld her learning's summit gain,
 Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain:
 But on one science point a stedfast eye,
 That science—how to live and how to die.
 Say, Memory, while to thy grateful sight 35
 Arise her virtues in unfading light,

What joys were ours, what sorrows now remain:
Ah! how sublime the bliss! how deep the pain!

And thou, bright princess, seated now on high,
Next one, the fairest daughter of the sky, 40
Whose warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy sister Charity! next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb sorrow seem the Arts to die.
So were the sun o'er other orbs to blaze, 45
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to visit where he warm'd before,
All life must cease, and nature be no more.
Yet shall the Muse a heavenly height essay
Beyond the weakness mix'd with mortal clay; 50
Beyond the loss, which, though she bleeds to see,
Though ne'er to be redeem'd, the loss of thee!
Beyond ev'n this, she hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy first true natal day;
A day, that sees thee borne, beyond the tomb, 55
To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Borne to the mighty dead, the souls sublime
Of every famous age, and every clime;
To goodness fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliss that knows no period, knows no pause— 60
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure serene,
Sheds a soft eye on this our gloomy scene.

With me now liberty and learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd consort, torn;
For where can prince or people hope relief, 65
When each contend to be supreme in grief?

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 231

So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern ; yet so well obey.

Deign one look more ! ah ! see thy consort dear
Wishing all hearts, except his own, to chear. 70

Lo ! still he bids thy wonted bounty flow

To weeping families of worth and woe.

He stops all tears, however fast they rise,

Save those that still must fall from grateful eyes,

And, spite of griefs that so usurp his mind, 75

Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.

Father of those, whose rights thy care defends,

Still most their own, when most their sovereign's friends ;

Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,

When most they trust, when most they copy thee ; 80

Ah ! let the lowest of thy subjects pay

His honest heart-felt tributary lay ;

In anguish happy, if permitted here,

One sigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear ;

Happier, if pardon'd, should he wildly moan, 85

And with a monarch's sorrow mix his own.

O F
P U B L I C S P I R I T
I N R E G A R D T O
P U B L I C W O R K S :
A N E P I S T L E
T O H I S R O Y A L H I G H N E S S
F R E D E R I C P R I N C E O F W A L E S .

C O N T E N T S .

Of reservoirs, and their use; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and stopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houses; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the noblest uses; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. squares, streets, mansions, palaces, courts of justice, senate-houses, theatres, hospitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The slave-trade censured, &c,

G R E A T

GREAT Hope of Britain!—Here the Muse essays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praise.

Be Her's a zeal of Public Spirit known!

A princely zeal!—a Spirit all your own!

Where never Science beam'd a friendly ray, 5
Where one vast blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void,
Hail, arts! where safety, treasure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite! 10
Those wondrous works, O Muse! successive raise,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praise!

What though no streams, magnificently play'd,
Rise a proud column, fall a grand cascade;
Through nether pipes, which nobler use renowns, 15
Lo! ductile rivulets visit distant towns!

Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
Whose agueish influence tainted heaven before.
The solid isthmus sinks a watery space,
And wonders, in new state, at naval grace. 20

Where the flood deepening rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road yon arch, connective bends:
Where ports were choak'd; where mounds, in vain,
arose;

There harbours open, and there breaches close;
To keels, obedient, spreads each liquid plain, 25
And bulwark moles repel the boisterous main.

When the sunk sun no homeward sail befriends,
On the rock's brow the light-house kind ascends,

And

And from the shoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.

Count still, my Muse (to count, what Muse can
cease ?)

The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By them shall plants, in forests, reach the skies;
Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise.
(Navies, which to invasive foes explain, 35
Heaven throws not round us rocks and seas in vain):
The sail of commerce in each sky aspires,
And property assures what toil acquires.

Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No slave!—His option and his gain are free: 40
Him the same laws the same protection yield,
Who plows the furrow, or who owns the field.

Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfless, leafless, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and phyfic plenty showers. 45
Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flowers.
Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear:
White shine the fleecy race, which fate shall doom
The feast of life, the treasure of the loom. 50

On plains now bare shall gardens wave their groves;
While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathless woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the step, and vistas court the view.
See the parterre confess expansive day; 55
The grot, elusive of the noon-tide ray.

Up

Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.
Now the blue lake reflected heaven displays ;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze. 60
Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues intervene ;
Now centre, now commence, or end the scene.
Lo, proud alcoves ! lo, soft sequester'd bowers !
Retreats of social, or of studious hours !
Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend ; 65
There others natively-grotesque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel ;
And how, while these their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art ; 70
Thus, in the various, yet harmonious space,
Blend order, symmetry, and force, and grace.
When these from Public Spirit smile, we see
Free-opening gates, and bowery pleasures free ;
For sure great souls one truth can never miss, 75
Bliss not communicated is not bliss.
Thus Public Spirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase ;
From peasant hands imperial works arise,
And British hence with Roman grandeur vies ; 80
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears ;
That alters nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
Though no proud gates, with China's taught to vie, 85
Magnificently useless strike the eye ;
(Useless,

(Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
 Where seas encircle, and where fleets defend ;)
 What though no arch of triumph is assign'd
 To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thinn'd mankind; 90
 Though no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
 No pyramid aspires, sublimely lost ;
 Yet the safe road through rocks shall winding tend,
 And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
 Lo ! stately streets, lo ! ample squares invite 95
 The salutary gale, that breathes delight.
 Lo ! structures mark the charitable soil
 For casual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
 Worn out with care, infirmity, and age ;
 The life here entering, quitting there the stage : 100
 The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
 To starve or bleed for errors not his own !
 Let the frail mother 'scape the fame defil'd,
 If from the murdering mother 'scape the child !
 Oh ! guard his youth from sin's alluring voice ; 105
 From deeds of dire necessity, not choice !
 His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
 Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
 Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride. 110
 Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
 To that still worthy of the wise and great.
 Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend ?
 They shall—when pleasure and instruction blend.
 Let theatres from Public Spirit shine ! 115
 Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine !

See!

See! the gay Muse of pointed wit possess,
 Who makes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest:
 What though she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
 And laughs each favourite folly into shame, 120
 With liberal light the tragic charms the age:
 In solemn-training robes she fills the stage;
 There human nature, mark'd in different lines,
 Alive in character distinctly shines.

Quick passions change alternate on her face; 125
 Her diction music, as her action grace.

Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
 Pathetic sighs, and pity-moving tears;
 Instant we catch her generous glow of soul,
 Till one great striking moral crowns the whole. 130

Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
 Honour exalts, and love expands the thought!
 Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
 Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.

Where various edifice the land renowns 135
 There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.

She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
 Bids painting live along the storied wall;
 Seated, she smiling eyes th' unclosing door,
 And much she welcomes all, but most the poor; 140

She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
 The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends;
 She rears the tower, whose height the heavens admire;
 She rears, she rounds, she points the lessening spire;
 At her command the college-roofs ascend 145

(For Public Spirit still is learning's friend).

Stupendous

Stupendous piles, which useful pomp compleats,
 Thus rise Religion's, and thus Learning's seats:
 There moral truth and holy science spring,
 And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing, 150
 There some draw health from herbs and mineral veins,
 Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
 Some call from history past times to view,
 And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
 Thence saving rights by legislators plann'd, 155
 And guardian patriots thence inspire the land.

Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond desire,
 And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
 Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd,
 The swelling arch, and stately colonnade; 160
 Bid courts of justice, senate-chambers join,
 Till various all in one proud work combine!

But now be all the generous Goddesses seen,
 When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign!
 Ye sons of misery, attract her view! 165
 Ye fallow, hollow-eyed, and meagre crew!
 Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
 That now few sons of toil our arts demand?
 Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
 Ev'n willing industry grows useless here, 170
 Are we too populous at length confess'd,
 From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd?
 Has war so long withdrawn his barbarous train,
 That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
 So long has plague left pure the ambient air, 175
 That want must prey on those disease would spare?

Hence

Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
 Though born the pride, the shame of human race;
 Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
 Live but themselves and others to destroy. 180

Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
 First driven by want, from habit desperate grown;
 Hence for ow'd trifles oft our jails contain

(Torn from mankind) a miserable train;
 Torn from, in spite of nature's tenderest cries, 185
 Parental, filial, and connubial ties:

The trader, when on every side distressed,
 Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
 To prop his question'd credit's tottering state,
 Others he first involves to share his fate; 190

Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam
 Never to hope a friend, nor find a home.

This Public Spirit sees, she fees and feels!
 Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
 (The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows 195
 For others welfare, and for others woes)—

And what can I (she said) to cure their grief?
 Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
 Forth shall I lead them to some happier soil,
 To conquest lead them, and enrich with spoil? 200

Bid them convulse a world, make nature groan,
 And spill, in shedding others blood, their own?
 No, no—such wars do thou, Ambition, wage!

Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage!
 Whole nations to depopulate is thine; 205
 To people, culture, and protect, be mine!

Then

Then range the world, Discovery!—Strait he goes
 O'er seas, o'er Libya's sands, and Zembla's snows;
 He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
 (Vain smile!) on some luxuriant houseless wild. 210
 How many sons of want might here enjoy
 What Nature gives for age but to destroy?
 Blush, blush, O sun (she cries) here vainly found,
 To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round!
 Shall heaven distil in dews, descend in rain, 215
 From earth gush fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
 There shall the watery lives in myriads stray,
 And be, to be alone each other's prey?
 Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own
 The various species of mechanic stone? 220
 From structure this, from sculpture that confine?
 Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine?
 Shall mines, obedient, aid no artist's care,
 Nor give the martial sword, and peaceful share?
 Ah! shall they never precious ore unfold, 225
 To smile in silver, or to flame in gold?
 Shall here the vegetable world alone,
 For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown?
 While food and physic, plants and herbs supply,
 Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die? 230
 Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
 Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?
 Shall here th' irrational, the savage kind,
 Lord it o'er stores by heaven for man design'd,
 And trample what mild suns benignly raise, 235
 While man must lose the use, and heaven the praise?
 Shall

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.

241

Shall it then be?—(Indignant here she rose,
Indignant, yet humane, her bosom glows)—
No! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,

By men for virtue deify'd by fame, 240

Who peopled lands, who model'd infant state,

And then bade empire be maturely great;

By these I swear (be witness earth and skies!)

Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.

Rapt, I a future colony survey? 245

Come then, ye sons of Misery! come away!

Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are known,

(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone!

Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,

In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose! 250

Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)

Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.

Let families, long strangers to delight,

Whom wayward fate dispers'd, by me unite;

Here live enjoying life; see plenty, peace; 255

Their lands increasing as their sons increase.

As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,

To intermix the walks with lights and shades;

Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,

Various the goddess colours human life: 260

So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen

Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;

Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,

Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the

mew;

VOL. XLI.

R

Where

Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpent lies, 265
 Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,
 And towns shall open (all of structure fair!)
 To brightening prospects, and to purest air;
 Frequented ports, and vineyards green succeed,
 And flocks increasing whiten all the mead. 270

On science science, arts on arts refine;
 On these from high all heaven shall smiling shine,
 And Public Spirit here a people show,
 Free, numerous, pleas'd, and busy all below.

Learn, future natives of this promis'd land, 275
 What your forefathers ow'd my saving hand!
 Learn, when Despair such sudden bliss shall see,
 Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe or me!
 Do you the neighbouring blameless Indian aid,
 Culture what he neglects, not his invade, 280
 Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
 Force or demand subjection never due.

Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
 And cry, while they enslave, they civilize!
 Know, Liberty and I are still the same, 285

Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
 Why must I Afric's fable children see
 Vended for slaves, though form'd by nature free,
 The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
 Those to subject, whom nature equal meant? 290
 If these you dare (albeit unjust success
 Empowers you now unpunish'd to oppress)
 Revolving empire you and your's may doom
 (Rome all subdued, yet Vandals vanquish'd Rome),

Yes,

Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day, 295
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.

Thus (ah! how far unequal'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raise),
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly-clear,
Worthy a Thomson's Muse, a FREDERICK's ear, 300
Thus spoke the Goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heaven gives her to excel.

But who her sons, that, to her interest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, Sir, salute you from life's middle state, 305
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, though in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame; 310
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.

Mixing with these, a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read, 315
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head,
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, softening into ease polite. 320

Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;

For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

325

T O

MR. JOHN DYER, A PAINTER,

Advising him to draw a certain

NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON,

Occasioned by seeing his PICTURE of the
celebrated CLIO*.

FORGIVE an artless, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when these well-known features I peruse,
Some warmth awakes—some embers of a Muse.

Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves, appear!
Your Queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In such pure fires her rising thoughts refine!
Her eyes with such commanding sweetness shine: 10
Such vivid tinctures sure through æther glow,
Stain summer clouds, or gild the watery bow:

* See Dyer's Poems.

If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
 Sure some enamour'd God this draught inspir'd!
 Or, if you rashly caught Promethean flame, 15
 Shade the sweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
 Yet if those cheering lights the prospect fly,
 Ah!—let no pleasing view the loss supply.

Some dreary den, some desert waste prepare,
 Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my despair. 20

But still, my friend, still the sweet object stays,
 Still stream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
 Sure at each kindling touch your canvass glows!
 Sure the full form, instinct with spirit, grows!

Let the dull artist puzzling rules explore, 25

Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
 You eye the soul—there genuine nature find,
 You, through the meaning muscles, strike the mind.

Nor can one view such boundless power confine,
 All Nature opens to an art like thine! 30

Now rural scenes in simple grandeur rise!
 Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feast our eyes,
 Now halcyon Peace a smiling aspect wears!

Now the red scene with war and ruin glares!
 Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's seas preside! 35

There long-lost cities rear their ancient pride;
 You from the grave can half redeem the slain,
 And bid great Julius charm the world again:
 Mark out Pharsalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
 And image all the honours of the day. 40

But if new glories most our warmth excite;
 If toils untry'd to noblest aims invite;

Would you in envy'd pomp unrival'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvass plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create, 45
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know,
For him kind suns on fruits and grains shall shine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine: 50
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise.
Through those bright features Cæsar's spirit trace,
Each conquering sweetness, each imperial grace,
All that is soft, or eminently great, 55
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in state.
Thus shall your colours, like his worth amaze!
Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praise!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius shines,
While my dim lamp of life obscure declines: 60
Dull'd in damp shades, it wastes, unseen, away,
While yours, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

V E R S E S

SENT TO

A A R O N H I L L, E s q.

With the TRAGEDY of SIR THOMAS OVER-
BURY, expecting him to correct it.

I.

AS the foul, stript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the milky way,
And views sweet prospects there.

II.

This hero, clogg'd with droffy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright scenes around him rise.

III.

Thy touch brings the wish'd stone to pass,
So fought, so long foretold;
It turns polluted lead or brass,
At once to purest gold.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF

SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY THE SIXTH,

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

Printed before the Play from a spurious Copy.

TO-NIGHT a patient ear, ye Britons lend,
 And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
 Here, cheaply warn'd, ye blest descendants view,
 What ills on England, Civil Discord drew.
 To wound the heart, the martial Muse prepares; 5
 While the red scene with raging slaughter glares.

Here, while a monarch's sufferings we relate,
 Let generous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
 While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
 Doom'd for his grandsire's guilt, poor Henry falls. 10
 In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
 And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
 Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
 Drew on by meekness his disastrous fate.

Thus when you see this land by faction tost, 15
 Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost;
 Let this reflection from the action flow,
 We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
 Oh, let us then intestine discord shun,
 We ne'er can be, but by ourselves, undone! 20

THE

T H E
A N I M A L C U L E ;
A T A L E .

Occasioned by his Grace the Duke of RUTLAND's
receiving the SMALL-POX by INOCULATION.

I.

IN Animalcules, Muse, display
Spirits, of name unknown in song !
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an useful comment long.

II.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey ;
Minuteſt things my ſwarms contain :
When o'er your ivory teeth they ſway,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

III.

Fluids, in drops, minutely ſwell ;
Theſe ſubtil beings each contains ;
In the ſmall ſanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart and trace the veins.

IV.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer ſpirits ſtrike the brain ;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And ſeek, through pores, the heart again.

V. If

V.

If they with purer drops dilate,
 And lodge where entity began,
 They actuate with a genial heat,
 And kindle into future Man.

VI.

But, when our lives are Nature's due,
 Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve
 They matter, through all forms, pursue,
 And oft to genial heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
 When Man, a patron to the bays;
 This patron was in Greece belov'd;
 Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

VIII.

In Rome this Animalcule grew
 Mæcenas, whom the classics rate!
 Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
 In learning, power, and bounty great.

IX.

In Britain, Halifax it rose;
 (By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's strains);
 And now it rediminish'd glows,
 To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

X.

A plague there is, too many know;
 Too seldom perfect cures befall it:
 The Muse may term it Beauty's foe;
 In physick, the Small-Pox we call it.

XI. From

From Turks we learn this plague t' assuage,
They, by admitting, turn its course :
Their kifs will tame the tumor's rage ;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

XII.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little, guardian, subtil spright
Did with the poison in repair.

XIII.

Th' infection from the heart it clears ;
Th' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the surface skin.

XIV.

And now it, mouldering, wastes away :
'Tis gone !—doom'd to return no more !
Our Animalcule keeps its stay,
And must new labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the Noble's thoughts are seen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires !
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapturous, at his change admires !

XVI.

Its pristine virtues kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known
But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
Nor equal, nor encrease his own.

T O

MRS. ELIZ. HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED,

THE RASH RESOLVE.

DOOM'D to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
 A Muse, unfriended, greets thy rising name!
 Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phrase,
 Greatness she flies, yet merit claims her praise;
 Nor will she, at her withering wreath repine, 5
 But smile, if fame and fortune cherish thine.

The Sciences in thy sweet genius charm,
 And, with their strength, thy sex's softness arm.
 In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
 As music fires, thy language lifts the mind. 10
 Thy power gives form, and touches into life
 The passions imag'd in their bleeding strife:
 Contrasted strokes, true art and fancy show,
 And lights and shades in lively mixture flow.
 Hope attacks Fear, and Reason, Love's control, 15
 Jealousy wounds, and Friendship heals the soul:
 Black Falsehood wears bright Gallantry's disguise,
 And the guilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
 Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely shine,
 And when most mortal half appear divine. 20
 If, when some god-like, favourite passion sways,
 The willing heart too fatally obeys,

Great

THE RASH RESOLVE. 253

Great minds lament what cruel censure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.

Eliza, still impatient Love's powerful Queen! 25

Let Love, soft Love, exalt each swelling scene.

Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide list's advance!

Spain yields in fiction, in politeness France.

Such orient light, as the first poets knew,

Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view!

A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,

Which warms cold wisdom into wild desire!

Thy Fable glows so rich through every page,

What moral's force can the fierce heat assuage?

And yet—but say if ever doom'd to prove 35

The sad, the dear perplexities of Love!

Where seeming transport softens every pain,

Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain;

Varying from pangs to visionary joys,

Sweet is the fate, and charms as it destroys! 40

Say then—if Love to sudden rage gives way,

Will the soft passion not resume its sway?

Charming, and charm'd, can Love from Love retire!

Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?

Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine, 45

More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

T O

MRS. ELIZ. HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED,

THE RASH RESOLVE.

DOOM'D to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
 A Muse, unfriended, greets thy rising name!
 Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phrase,
 Greatness she flies, yet merit claims her praise;
 Nor will she, at her withering wreath repine, 5
 But smile, if fame and fortune cherish thine.

The Sciences in thy sweet genius charm,
 And, with their strength, thy sex's softness arm.
 In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
 As music fires, thy language lifts the mind. 10
 Thy power gives form, and touches into life
 The passions imag'd in their bleeding strife:
 Contrasted strokes, true art and fancy show,
 And lights and shades in lively mixture flow.
 Hope attacks Fear, and Reason, Love's control, 15
 Jealousy wounds, and Friendship heals the soul:
 Black Falsehood wears bright Gallantry's disguise,
 And the guilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
 Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely shine,
 And when most mortal half appear divine. 20
 If, when some god-like, favourite passion sways,
 The willing heart too fatally obeys,

Great

THE RASH RESOLVE. 253

Great minds lament what cruel censure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.

Eliza, still impatient Love's powerful Queen! 25
Let Love, soft Love, exalt each swelling scene.

Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide list's advance!

Spain yields in fiction, in politness France.

Such orient light, as the first poets knew,

Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view!

A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,

Which warms cold wisdom into wild desire!

Thy Fable glows so rich through every page,

What moral's force can the fierce heat assuage?

And yet—but say if ever doom'd to prove 35

The sad, the dear perplexities of Love!

Where seeming transport softens every pain,

Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain;

Varying from pangs to visionary joys,

Sweet is the fate, and charms as it destroys! 40

Say then—if Love to sudden rage gives way,

Will the soft passion not resume its sway?

Charming, and charm'd, can Love from Love retire!

Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?

Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine, 45

More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

A N
 APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,
 FOR HAVING
 LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

In Imitation of a certain Mimic of Anacreon.

CAN I matchless charms recite?
 Source of ever-springing light !

Could I count the vernal flowers,
 Count in endless time the hours;
 Count the countless stars above,

5

Count the captive hearts of Love ;
 Paint the torture of his fire,
 Paint the pangs those eyes inspire !
 (Pleasing torture, thus to shine,
 Purify'd by fires like thine !

10

Then I'd strike the sounding string !
 Then I'd thy perfection sing.

Mythic world !—Thou something more !
 Wonder of th' Almighty's store !

Nature's depths we oft descry,
 Oft they 're pierc'd by Learning's eye ;
 Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
 Prov'ft (like heaven) enquiry vain.

15

Charms unequal'd we pursue !
 Charms in shining throngs we view !
 Number'd then could nature's be,
 Nature's self were poor to thee.

20

A N

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

MRS. O L D F I E L D,
OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

WHILE to your charms unequal verse I raise,
 Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praise :
 Here Art and Genius new refinement need,
 Listning, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede !
 Can Art or Genius, or their powers combin'd, 5
 But from corporeal organs, sketch the mind ?
 When sound embody'd can with shape surprize,
 The Muse may emulate your voice and eyes.
 Mark rival arts perfection's point pursue !
 Each rivals each, but to excel in you ! 10
 The Bust and Medal bear the meaning face,
 And the proud Statue adds the posture's grace !
 Imag'd at length, the bury'd Heroine, known,
 Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown in stone !
 As art would art, or metal stone surpass, 15
 Her soul strikes, gleaming through Corinthian brags !
 Serene, the saint in smiling silver shines,
 And cherubs weep in gold o'er fainted shrines !
 If long-lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
 Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow ! 20
 Each look, each attitude, new grace displays ;
 Your voice and motion life and music raise.
 Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines ;
 She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines !
 Fair,

Fair, and more fair, you every grace transmit; 25
 Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
 Cæsar, the world's unrival'd master, fir'd,
 In her imperial soul, his own admir'd!
 Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
 And felt not empire's loss in beauty's gain. 30
 Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
 Or catch the silver accents as they flow,
 Drawn from dark rest by your enchanting strain,
 Each shade were lur'd to life and love again.

Say, sweet inspirer! were each annal known, 35
 What living greatness shines there not your own!
 If the griev'd Muse by some lov'd empress rose,
 New strength, new grace, it to your influence owes!
 If power by war distinguish'd height reveals,
 Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals! 40
 Then could an empire's cause demand your care,
 The soul, that justly thinks, would greatly dare.

Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muse's praise,
 You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
 Warm through those eyes enlivening raptures roll! 45
 Sweet through each striking feature streams your soul!
 The soul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
 Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace
 inspires!

Know then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you stand,
 What Fate declines, you from the Muse demand! 50
 Each grace that shone of old in each fam'd fair,
 Or may in modern dames refinement wear;

Whate'er

Whate'er just, emulative thoughts pursue,
 Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
 If godlike bosoms pant for power to bless,
 If 'tis a monarch's glory to redress;
 In conscious majesty you shine serene,
 In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

V E R S E S.

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. AARON HILL'S POEM,
 CALLED GIDEON.

* The lines marked thus ' ' are taken from GIDEON.

I.

LET other poets poorly sing
 Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
 Her airy flight let wandering fancy wing,
 And rival nature's most luxuriant store,
 To swell some monster's pride, who shames a state, 5
 Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic power!
 Thou, who inform'd'st this clay with active fire!
 Do thou, Supreme of Powers! my thoughts refine,
 And with thy purest heat my soul inspire,
 That with Hillarius' worth my verse may shine! 10
 As thy lov'd Gideon once set Israel free,
 So he with sweet, seraphic lays
 'Redeems the use of captive poetry,'
 Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious praise
 VOL. XLI. S II. Moses,

II.

Moses, with an enchanting tongue, 15
Pharaoh's just overthrow sublimely sung!

When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the softening fire!

And, by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endless life his mournful lyre. 20

Their different thoughts, met in Hillarius' song,
Roll in one channel more divinely strong!

With Pindar's fire his verse's spirit flies,
'Wafted in charming music through the air!'

Unstopt by clouds, it reaches to the skies, 25
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes th' Almighty's ear!

III.

Rebels should blush when they his Gideon see!
That Gideon born to set his country free.

O that such heroes in each age might rise, 30
Brightening through vapours like the morning-star,

Generous to triumph, and in council wise!
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!

IV.

When Gideon, Oreb, Hiram, Shimron shine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage! 35

Great bard! what energy, but thine,
Could reach the vast description of their rage?

Or when, to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hamar call for aid,

Loft,

ON MR. HILL'S GIDEON. 259

Lost, and bewilder'd in despair, 40

How piercing are the hapless lover's cries!

What tender strokes in melting accents rise!

Oh, what a master-piece of pity's there?

Nor goodly Joah shows thy sweetness less,

When, like kind heaven, he frees them from distress! 45

V.

Hail thou, whose verse, a living image, shines,
In Gideon's character your own you drew!

As there the graceful patriot shines,
We in that image bright Hillarius view!

Let the low crowd, who love unwholesome fare, 50

When in thy words the breath of angels flows,

Like gross-fed spirits, sick in purer air,
Their earthy souls by their dull taste disclose!

Thy dazzling genius shines too bright!

And they, like spectres, shun the streams of light. 55

But while in shades of ignorance they stray,

Round thee rays of knowledge play,

'And shew thee glittering in abstracted day.' }

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS,
WHEN WITH CHILD.

AS when the sun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may smile, and humble flowers
unfold,

The low-laid lark the distant æther wings,
And, as she soars, her daring anthem sings;

So, when thy charms celestial views create,
 My smiling song surmounts my gloomy fate.
 Thy angel-embryo prompts my towering lays,
 Claims my fond wish, and fires my future praise:
 May it, if male, its grandfire's image wear;
 Or in its mother's charms confess the fair;
 At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
 Soft be the pain, but prove the blessing great.

Hail, Rivers! hallow'd shade! descend from rest!
 Descend and smile, to see thy Rochford blest:
 Weep not the scenes through which my life must run,
 Though fate, fleet-footed, scents thy languid son.
 The bar that, darkening, cross'd my crested claim,
 Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
 That blood which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
 In cold, unwilling wanderings trac'd my veins.
 Want's wintry realm froze hard around my view;
 And scorn's keen blasts a cutting anguish blew.
 To such sad weight my gathering griefs were wrought,
 Life seem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought!
 Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
 Madness were ease, to misery form'd like mine!

Yet my Muse waits thee through the realms of day,
 Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
 Sure my fierce woes will, like those fires, refine,
 Thus lose their torture, and thus glorious shine!
 And now the Muse heaven's milky path surveys,
 With thee, 'twixt pendent worlds, it wondering strays,
 Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
 Round suns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy soul!

Hence

TO LADY ROCHFORD. 261

Hence lights refracted run through distant skies, 35
Changeful on azure plains in quivering dyes!
So thy mind darted through its earthy frame,
A wide, a various, and a glittering flame.

Now a new scene enormous lustre brings,
Now seraphs shade thee round with silver wings; 40
In angel-forms thou seest thy Rochford shine;
In each sweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
Such was her soul, ere this selected mould
Sprung at thy wish, the sparkling life t' infold!
So amidst cherubs shone her son refin'd, 45
Are infant-flesh the new-form'd soul enshrin'd!
So shall a sequent race from Rochford rise,
The world's fair pride—Descendants of the skies.

TO THE EXCELLENT

M I R A N D A,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, Esq.

ON READING HER POEMS.

EACH softening charm of Clio's smiling song,
Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaste; sweet-sounding, yet sublime;
Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care, 5
Each passion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The Muses and the Virtues tune thy mind.

V E R S E S

T O A

Y O U N G L A D Y.

POLLY, from me, though now a love-sick youth,
 Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!
 Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
 So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty;
 A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire; 5
 You've cruelty, yet, ev'n with that, good-nature:
 Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile;
 Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
 Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd;
 My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide. 10
 How would you praise me, should your sex defame!
 Yet, should they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.
 If I despair, with some kind look you bless;
 But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
 You scorn; yet should my passion change, or fail, 15
 Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
 You love; yet from your lover's wish retire;
 Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire.
 Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
 Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction. 20

THE

T H E
G E N T L E M A N.

ADDRESSED TO
J O H N J O L I F F E, Esq.

A DECENT mein, an elegance of dress,
Words, which, at ease, each winning grace
express;

A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust, 5
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
The social manners, and the heart humane;

A nature ever great, and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertness knows;
The sense, that unassuming candour shows; 10
Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;

Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taste; thence truth, which will from taste ensue:
Unwilling censure, though a judgment clear; 15
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;

An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind:
If these esteem and admiration raise;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praise, 20
In one wish'd view, th' accomplish'd man we see;
These graces all are thine, and thou art He.

C H A R A C T E R

OF THE

REV. JAMES FOSTER.

* * * * *

FROM Codex hear, ye ecclesiastic men,
 This pastoral charge to Webster, Stebbing, Ven;
 Attend, ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
 Mark Faith, mark Hope, mark charity, defin'd;
 On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw, 5
 Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
 First wealth, a crozier next, your hope enflame;
 And next church-power—a power o'er conscience,
 claim;

In modes of worship right of choice deny;
 Say, to convert, all means are fair;—add, why? 10
 'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
 That Persecution then is Charity;
 Call reason error; forms, not things, display;
 Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way;
 Sink demonstration; mystery preach alone; 15
 Be thus Religion's friend, and thus your own.

But Foster well this honest truth extends—
 Where Mystery begins, Religion ends.

In

CHARACTER OF MR. FOSTER. 265

In him, great modern miracle! we see
A priest, from avarice and ambition free; 20
One, whom no persecuting spirit fires;
Whose heart and tongue benevolence inspires:
Learn'd not assuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek, though not timorous; conscious, though not
vain;
Without craft, reverend; holy, without cant; 25
Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
His faith, where no credulity is seen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
His hope, no mitre militant on earth,
'Tis that bright crown, which heaven reserves for worth.
A priest, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to sect confin'd:
Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God.
In him from Christian, moral light can shine; 35
Not mad with mystery, but a sound divine;
He wins the wise and good, with reason's lore;
Then strikes their passions with pathetic power;
Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke, persuasive charms engage; 40
Charms, which th' unthinking must to thought excite;
Lo! vice less vicious! virtue more upright:
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wise,
Who so abhor thy heart, and head despise,
May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name, 45
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

But

But should some churchman, apeing wit severe,
 The poet's sure turn'd Baptist—say, and sneer;
 Shame on that narrow mind so often known,
 Which in one mode of faith, owns worth alone. 50
 Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
 Virtue is virtue, wherefoe'er she dwells;
 And sure, where learning gives her light to shine,
 Her's is all praise—if her's, 'tis Foster, thine.
 Thee boast dissenters; we with pride may own 55
 Our Tillotson; and Rome, her Fenelon*.

T H E
 P O E T ' s D E P E N D A N C E
 O N A
 S T A T E S M A N .

SOME seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
 That, from neglect, my numerous hardships
 spring.

* In this Character of the Rev. James Foster, truth guided the pen of the Muse. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modest worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praise into abuse. The character and writings of Foster will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter Controversialist are forgotten.

E.

Seek

POET'S DEPENDANCE. 267

Seek the great man! they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him, if I court fortune, I succeed.

What friends to second? who for me should sue, 5
Have interests, partial to themselves, in view.

They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.

There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace. 10

Can I entreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?

A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Those love him: let those serve him!—why should I?

Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views; 15
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?

But, on less terms, in promise he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise;

I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train. 20

Be posts dispos'd at will!—I have, for these,
No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.

All secret service from my soul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state.

I have no power, election-votes to gain; 25
No will to hackney out polemic strain;

To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,
To flatter thence, nor slur, a courtier's foes;

Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail;
Nor shock'd by him with libels to assail. 30

Where these are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the Muse and virtue, birth and wrongs.

Where

Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
 To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
 No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain: 35
 The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
 To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
 By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
 To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;
 To lose the health, which should those thoughts
 inspire; 40

To starve an hope; or, like camelions, fare
 On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
 Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
 Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt; 45
 In one man's favour, in the world's contempt:
 Worse in my own!—through those, to posts who rise,
 Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise;
 Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
 Not sense alone of glory, but of shame. 50

What though I hourly see the servile herd,
 For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
 See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
 And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
 See favour'd falsehood, innocence belied, 55
 Meekness depress'd, and power-elated pride;
 A scene will shew, all-righteous vision haste;
 The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—
 Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,
 Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more! 60

But

EPISTLE TO DAMON AND DELIA. 269

But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim,
A poet still is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish—could ought my memory save,
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd, 65
That my past life no venal view disclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base, the being poor;
Say, I had parts, too moderate to transcend:
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t' offend; 70
My heart supplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope esteem'd I liv'd and died;
Whose writings the best rules to write could give;
Whose life the nobler science how to live.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

D A M O N A N D D E L I A.

HEAR Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flattery, praise!
A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft a sedate, yet never gloomy thought:
Prompt to rejoice, when others pleasure know, 5
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe; 70

'To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
 And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own:
 A will sincere, unknown to selfish views;
 A heart of love, of gallantry a Muse;
 A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
 A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
 Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltless fires,
 In ever-eager, never gross desires:
 A modest honour, sacred to contain
 From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain;
 Constant, most pleas'd when beauty most you please:
 Damon! your picture's shewn in tints like these.

Say, Delia! must I chide you or commend?
 Say, must I be your flatterer or your friend?

To praise no graces in a rival fair,
 Nor your own foibles in a sister spare;
 Each lover's billet, bantering, to reveal,
 And never known one secret to conceal;
 Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
 To treat all fighting slaves with flippant scorn;
 An eye, expressive of a wandering mind:
 Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;
 Or when a book, or thought, from whim retards,
 Intent on songs or novels, drefs or cards;
 Choice to select the party of delight,
 To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight;
 To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
 To talk, to teaze, to simper, or to sing;
 To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust,
 Whose vain, loose life, should caution or disgust;

Him

Him to dislike, whose modest worth should please.—
 Say, is your picture shewn in tints like these?
 Your's!—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
 Let judgment, truth, the Muse, and love decide. 40
 What your's!—Nay, fairest trifler, frown not so:
 Is it? the Muse with doubt—Love answers no:
 You smile—Is't not? Again the question try!—
 Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will yes, reply.

T O

M I S S M . . . H . . . ,

S E N T W I T H

M R. P O P E ' s W O R K S.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
 25 Raillied with wit polite, or lash'd severe:
 Let Pope present such objects to our view;
 Such are, my fair, the full reverse of you.
 Rapt when, to Loddon's stream * from Windsor's
 shades, 5
 30 He sings the modest charms of sylvan maids;
 Dear Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
 And Luddal's spring † still murmurs in my ear:
 But

* Alluding to the beautiful Episode of Loddona, in Windsor Forest.

† A spring near Burford.

But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
 Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies: 10
 Come then, my charmer, come! here transport reigns!
 New health, new youth, inspirits all my veins.
 Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
 Thou life of loveliness! thou soul of joy!
 Love wakes the birds—oh, hear each melting lay! 15
 Love warms the world—come charmer, come away!
 But hark!—immortal Pope resumes the lyre!
 Diviner airs, diviner flights, inspire:
 Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
 See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine! 20
 Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
 And all your looks and thoughts, unconscious, sung.

ON THE RECOVERY OF

A L A D Y O F Q U A L I T Y

FROM THE SMALL-POX.

LONG a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's fight
 With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
 Till Death, grown envious with repugnant aim,
 Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.

He

ON A LADY'S RECOVERY. 273

He summons each disease!—the noxious crew, 5
 Writhing, in dire distortions, strike his view!
 From various plagues, which various natures know,
 Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.

Fierce to the fair, the missile mischief flies,
 The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise! 10
 It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
 Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
 Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!

Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
 Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire, 15
 Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.

Here stands her consort, fore, with anguish, prest,
 Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.

The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
 In silent sorrow weep the wailing fair. 20

Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
 And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
 While these revolve, though mute each Muse appears,
 Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.

On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, listening bends! 25
 On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer ascends!—

Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
 Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!

Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
 And thine own bounty's almost rival'd there. 30

Each paus'd The God assents. Would Death ad-
 vance?

Phœbus, unseen, arrests the threatening lance!

Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
 And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
 Each balmy plant, encrease of virtue knows, 35
 And art, inspir'd, with all her patron, glows.
 The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
 Kind hope, her consort's breast enlivening feels.
 Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
 Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire. 40
 As Health's auspicious powers gay life display,
 Death, fullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

T H E
 F R I E N D.

A N
 E P I S T L E

T O
 A A R O N H I L L, Esq.

O My lov'd Hill, O thou by heaven design'd
 To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
 To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows tend,
 Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou friend!
 If worldly friendships oft cement, divide, 5
 As interests vary, or as whims preside;
 If leagues of luxury borrow friendship's light,
 Or leagues subversive of all social right:

O say,

O say, my Hill, in what propitious sphere,
 Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and sincere? 10
 'Tis where the worthy and the wise retire;
 There wealth may learn its use, may love inspire;
 There may young worth, the noblest end obtain,
 In want my friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
 In knowledge bliss; for wisdom virtue finds, 15
 And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
 Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, succeed;
 For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.

Oft when you saw my youth wild error know,
 Reproof, soft-hinted, taught the blush to glow. 20
 Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
 Just smil'd when faulty, and when moderate prais'd.
 Me shun'd, me ruin'd, such a mother's rage!
 You sung, till pity wept o'er every page.
 You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame; 25
 Yet, yet, th' obdurate mother felt no shame.
 Pierc'd as I was! your counsel soften'd care,
 To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.
 The man who never wound afflictive feels,
 He never felt the balmy worth that heals. 30
 Welcome the wound, when blest with such relief!
 For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.

From you shall never, but with life, remove
 Aspiring genius, condescending love.
 When some, with cold, superior looks, redress, 35
 Relief seems insult, and confirms distress;
 You, when you view the man with wrongs besieg'd,
 While warm you act th' obliger, seem th' oblig'd.

All-winning mild to each of lowly state ;
 To equals free, unservile to the great ; 40
 Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd ;
 Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd.
 Greatness you scorn, when titles insult speak ;
 Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekness meek.
 That worthless bliss, which others court, you fly ; 45
 That worthy woe, they shun, attracts your eye.

But shall the Muse resound alone your praise ;
 No—let the public friend exalt her lays !
 O trace that friend with me !—he 's yours !—he 's
 mine !—

The world's—beneficent behold him shine ! 50

Is wealth his sphere ? If riches, like a tide,
 From either India pour their golden pride ;
 Rich in good works, him others wants employ ;
 He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy.
 To orphans, prisoners, shall his bounty flow ; 55
 The weeping family of want and woe.

Is knowledge his ? Benevolently great,
 In leisure active, and in care sedate ;
 What aid, his little wealth perchance denies,
 In each hard instance his advice supplies. 60
 With modest truth he sets the wandering right,
 And gives religion pure, primæval light ;
 In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,
 The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.

Is power his orb ? He then, like power divine, 65
 On all, though with a varied ray, will shine.

Ere

Ere power was his, the man he once cares'd,
Meets the same faithful smile, and mutual breast :
But asks his friend some dignity of state ;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight ? 70
Asks it a stranger, one whom parts inspire
With all a people's welfare would require ?
His choice admits no pause ; his gift will prove
All private, well absorb'd in public love.
He shields his country, when for aid she calls ; 75
Or, should she fall, with her he greatly falls :
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
Spread slavery, death and desolation round,
Should e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Against the sons of men a faction rise, 80
Glory in hers, is in his eye disgrace ;
The friend of truth ; the friend of human race.

Thus to no one, no sect, no clime confin'd,
His boundless love embraces all mankind ;
And all their virtues in his life are known ; 85
And all their joys and sorrows are his own.

These are the lights, where stands that friend
confest ;

This, this the spirit, which informs thy breast.
Through fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can shine ;
What would'st thou not, were wealth and greatness
thine ?

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

MR. J O H N D Y E R,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL.

In Answer to his from the Country *.

NOW various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the opening spring:
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
Wakes, in thy verse and friendship ever kind, 5
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.

Oh could my soul through depths of knowledge see,
Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome, or bear the shocks of fate,
And e'en draw envy to the humblest state. 10
'Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.

Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
'The Muse's mansion is, at best, but air;
But, if more solid works my meaning forms, 15
'Th' unfinish'd structures fall by fortune's storms.

Oft have I said we falsely those accuse,
Whose god-like souls life's middle state refuse.
Self-love, I cry'd, there seeks ignoble rest;
Care sleeps not calm, when millions wake unblest; 20
Mean

* See Dyer's Poems.

Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall!—

'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I fought the middle state,
And found the good, and found the truly great.

Though verse can never give my soul her aim; 25
Though action only claims substantial fame;

Though fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, heaven, by knowledge to aspire:

Thus to enquiry let me prompt the mind;

Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bless mankind;

From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief!

Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief!

To serve lov'd liberty inspire my breath!

Or, if my life be useless, grant me death;

For he, who useless is in life survey'd, 35

Burthens that world, his duty bids him aid.

Say, what have honours to allure the mind,

Which he gains most, who least has serv'd mankind?

Titles, when worn by fools, I dare despise;

Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wise. 40

When high distinction marks deserving heirs,

Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.

But, who to birth alone would honours owe?

Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.

Those trees, with sweetest charms, invite our eyes, 45

Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful rise.

Still we love best what we with labour gain,

As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.

The great I would not envy nor deride;

Nor stoop to swell a vain Superior's pride; 50

Nor view an Equal's hope with jealous eyes;
 Nor crush the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
 My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
 And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
 Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate, 55
 Nor by another's fall advance my state;
 Nor misuse wit against an absent friend:
 Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
 In wealth and want true minds preserve their weight;
 Meek, though exalted; though disgrac'd, elate; 60
 Generous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd they live;
 Grateful to serve, and generous to forgive.

This may they learn, who close thy life attend;
 Which, dear in memory, still instructs thy friend.
 Though cruel distance bars my grosser eye, 65
 My soul, clear-sighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
 Thro' her deep woe that quickening comfort gleams,
 And lights up Fortitude with Friendship's beams.

V E R S E S .

OCCASIONED BY THE

VICE-PRINCIPAL of St. MARY-HALL, OXFORD.

Being presented by the Honourable Mrs. KNIGHT,
 to the Living of GODSFIELD in ESSEX.

WHILE by mean arts and meaner patrons rise
 Priests, whom the learned and the good despise;
 This sees fair Knight, in whose transcendent mind,
 Are wisdom, purity, and truth enshrin'd.

A modest

F U L V I A, A P O E M.

281

A modest merit now she plans to lift,
Thy living, Godsfield! falls her instant gift.
Let me (she said) reward alone the wise,
And make the church-revenue Virtue's prize.

She sought the man of honest, candid breast,
In faith, in works of goodness, full exprest;
Though young, yet tutoring academic youth
To science moral, and religious truth.
She sought where the disinterested friend,
The scholar, sage, and free companion blend;
The pleasing poet, and the deep divine,
She sought, she found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

F U L V I A.

A P O E M.

LET Fulvia's wisdom be a slave to will,
Her darling passions, scandal and quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a satire known,
Her deeds a satire on herself alone.
On her poor kindred deigns she word or look?
'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke;
Worse when good-natur'd, than when most severe:
The jest impure then pains the modest ear.
How just the sceptic! the divine how odd!
What turns of wit play smartly on her God!

The

The fates, my nearest kindred, foes decree:
 Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, strait pities me.
 She, like Benevolence, a smile bestows,
 Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
 The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I fit: 15
 She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
 With mouth distorted, through a founding nose
 It comes, now homeliness more homely grows.
 With see-saw sounds, and nonsense not my own,
 She skews her features, and she cracks her tone. 20
 How fine your Bastard! why so soft a strain?
 What such a Mother? satirize again!

Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
 Ah! though unkind, she is my mother still!
 The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims. 25
 'Tis fam'd—The fame, each curious fair enflames:
 The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
 The Brets, alarm'd, a separate peace propose.
 'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look!
 My wit's degraded, and my cause forlook. 30
 Thus she: What's poetry but to amuse?
 Might I advise—there are more solid views.
 With a cool air she adds: This tale is old:
 Were it my case, it should no more be told.
 Complaints—had I been worthy to advise— 35
 You know—But when are wits, like women, wise?
 True it may take; but, think whate'er you list,
 All love the satire, none the satirist.

I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause awhile;
 Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile. 40

Madam

EPITAPH ON A LADY. 283

Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends!
 Sir (she replies) indeed you'll lose your friends.
 Why did I start? 'twas but a change of wind—
 Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
 I bow, depart, despise, discern her all: 45
 Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.

Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with every whim!
 A reed, a weather-cock, a shade, a dream:
 No more the friendship shall be now display'd
 By weather-cock, or reed, or dream, or shade; 50
 To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
 For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

E P I T A P H

O N A

Y O U N G L A D Y.

CLOS'D are those eyes, that beam'd seraphic fire;
 Cold is that breast, which gave the world desire;
 Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
 Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
 And lively wit, which, decently confin'd, 5
 No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
 Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
 Persuasive reason and endearing truth,
 Could

Could honour, shewn in friendships most refin'd,
 And sense, that shields th' attempted virtuous mind; 10
 The social temper never known to strife,
 The heightening graces that embellish life;
 Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
 Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
 Nor can she die—ev'n now survives her name, 15
 Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

T H E
 GENIUS OF LIBERTY.
 A P O E M.

Occasioned by the DEPARTURE of the Prince and
 Princess of ORANGE.

(Written in the Year 1734.)

MILD rose the morn! the face of nature bright
 Wore one extensive smile of calm and light;
 Wide, o'er the land, did hovering silence reign,
 Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main;
 When lo! before me, on the southern shore, 5
 Stood forth the power, whom Albion's sons adore;
 Blest Liberty! whose charge is Albion's isle;
 Whom Reason gives to bloom, and Truth to smile;
 Gives Peace to gladden, sheltering Law to spread,
 Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head, 10
Rich

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY. 285

Rich industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
In curious emblems every art, exprest,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest.
Science in various lights attention won, 15
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the sun.

My words, he cried, my words observance claim:
Resound, ye Muses; and receive them, Fame!
Here was my station, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William, stretch'd his naval pride: 20
I with my sacred influence swell'd his soul;
Th' enslav'd to free, th' enslaver to control.
In vain did waves disperse, and winds detain:
He came, he sav'd; in his was seen my reign.
How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd, 25
To humble tyrants, and secure mankind!

Next Marlborough in his steps successful trod:
'This, godlike plann'd; that, finish'd like a god!
And, while Oppression fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone. 30

Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,
There Freedom ever found a sheltering shade.
Still heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bless, the BRANCH auspicious shoot!
He lives, he flourishes, his honours spread; 35
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head:
Nurse him, ye heavenly dews, ye sunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!

He paus'd, and casting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the last billow swells into the sky, 40
Where,

Where, in gay vision, round th' horizon's line,
 The moving clouds with various beauty shine;
 As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
 Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold!

Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns, 45
 Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns.

Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spy'd,
 And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldest pride!

Thus spoke the Genius, as advanc'd the sail—
 Hail, blooming hero! high-born princess, hail! 50
 Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
 Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
 Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
 Soften'd, through condescension, learns to shine.

Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide; 55
 Knowledge, from nature and from art supply'd;
 To noblest objects pointed various ways;
 Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.

What manly virtues in her mind excel!

Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell! 60
 For ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
 To part with thee, so wont to give her joy!
 How heav'd her breast, how sadden'd was her mein!
 All in the mother then was lost the queen.

The swelling tear then dimm'd her parting view, 65
 The struggling sigh stopp'd short her last adieu:
 Ev'n now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
 The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind;
 The shoal, so treacherous, near the tempting land;
 Th' ingulphing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand; 70

These

These fancied perils all, by day, by night,
 In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright;
 For thee her heart unceasing love declares,
 In doubts, in hopes, in wishes, and in prayers!
 Her prayers are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
 The sand, the shoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
 Kind Safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
 And Joy to greet thee on the Belgic shore.

May future times, when their fond praise would tell
 How most their favourite characters excel; 80
 How blest! how great!—then may their songs declare,
 So great! so blest!—such Anne and Nassau were.

E GRÆCO RUF.

QUI TE VIDET BEATUS EST,
 BEATIOR QUI TE AUDIET,
 QUI BASIAT SEMIDEUS EST,
 QUI TE POTITUR EST DEUS.

BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

I.

HAPPY the man, who, in thy sparkling eyes,
 His amorous wishes sees, reflecting, play;
 Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, rise,
 And, in soft-swimming languor, die away.

II.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll
 In sounds which love, harmonious love, inspire;
 On his charm'd ear fits, rapt, his listening soul,
 Till admiration form intense desire.

III. Half-

III.

Half-deity is he who warm may press
 Thy lip, soft-swelling to the kindling kiss;
 And may that lip assentive warmth express,
 Till love draw willing love to ardent bliss!

IV.

Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
 Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breast,
 Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
 Is all a God!—is of all heaven possest.

T H E

EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A P O E M.

Addressed to Mrs. BRIDGET JONES, a young Widow
 Lady of Llanelly, Caermarthenshire.

ONCE Beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
 Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering Love.
 Come, purest atoms! Beauty aid implores;
 For new soft texture leave ætherial stores.
 They come, they croud, they shining hues unfold, 5
 Be theirs a form, which Beauty's self shall mould!
 To mould my charmer's form she all apply'd—
 Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's pride.
 She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's state,
 Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait. 10

First

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY. 289

First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please;
 Each stands design'd for dignity and ease.
 Firm, on these curious pedestals, depend
 Two polish'd pillars; which, as fair, ascend;
 From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large,
 they rise; 15
 Seen by the Muse, though hid from mortal eyes.
 More polish'd yet, your fabric each sustains;
 That purest temple where perfection reigns,
 A small, sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
 By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love embrac'd. 20
 Beyond that lessening waist, two orbs devise,
 What swelling charms, in fair proportion, rise!
 Fresh peeping there, two blushing buds are found,
 Each like a rose, which lilies white surround.
 There feeling sense, let pitying sighs inspire, 25
 Till panting pity swells to warm desire:
 Desire, though warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss,
 All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the bliss.
 Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend;
 Two snow-white hands, in taper fingers, end. 30
 Lo! cunning Beauty, on each palm, designs
 Love's fortune and your own, in mystic lines;
 And lovely whiteness, either arm contains,
 Diversified with azure-wandering veins;
 The wandering veins conceal a generous flood, 35
 The purple treasure of celestial blood.
 Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
 O'er all a face, where Beauty's self appears.

Her soft attendants smoothe the spotless skin,
 And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin; 40
 The shapely chin, to Beauty's rising face,
 Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
 And soon sweet-opening, rosy lips disclose
 The well-rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
 Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes 45
 A breath, whose fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
 And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
 A beauteous blush at praise, though just the praise.
 And nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
 Soft, clement smiles, and love-inspiring eyes; 50
 New Graces, to those eyes, mild shades, allow;
 Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
 While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
 May none, but pleasing objects, visit there!
 Two little porches, (which, one sense empowers, 55
 To draw rich scent from aromatic flowers)
 In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
 Shall equal first, then heighten, Beauty's face.
 To smelling sense, oh, may the flowery year,
 It's first, last, choicest incense, offer here! 60
 Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
 The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,
 And, granting a new power of sense to hear,
 New finer organs form each curious ear;
 Form to imbibe what most the soul can move, 65
 Music and Reason, Poesy and Love.
 Next, on an open front, is pleasing wrought
 A pensive sweetness, born of patient thought:

Above

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY. 291

Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade. 70

All, with a nameless air and mein, unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.

Tun'd is your melting tongue and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.

The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline; 75

For, where they lend not light, she cannot shine;

Let these, the temperate sense of taste reveal,

And give, while nature spreads the simple meal.

The palate pure, to relish health design'd,

From luxury as taintless as your mind. 80

The Virtues, Chastity and Truth, impart,

And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.

Thus Beauty finish'd—Thus she gains the sway,

And Love still follows where she leads the way.

From every gift of heaven, to charm is thine; 85

To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine.

SENT TO

MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH THE

W A N D E R E R.

Alluding to an Epifode, where a young Man turns
Hermit, for the loss of his wife Olympia.

WHEN with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair exprest,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

U 2

Tell

Tell her, my Muse, in soft, sad, sighing breath,
 If she his piercing grief can pitying see,
 Worse than to him was his Olympia's death,
 From her each moment's absence is to me.

O N

FALSE HISTORIANS:

A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull prose is curst,
 Scandals, from false historians, spot the worst.
 In quest of these the Muse shall first advance,
 Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
 Romance, call'd History—Lo! at once she skims 5
 The visionary world of monkish whims;
 Where fallacy, in legends, wildly shines,
 And vengeance glares from violated shrines;
 Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
 With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought; 10
 Saints that never liv'd, or such as justice paints,
 Jugglers, on superstition palm'd for saints.
 Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be shown,
 Red-letter'd saints, and red assassins known;
 While those they martyr'd, such as angels rose! 15
 All black enroll'd among religion's foes,

Snatch'd

ON FALSE HISTORIANS. 293

Snatch'd by sulphureous clouds, a LYE proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.

History, from air or deep draws many a spright,
Such as, from nurse or priest, might boys affright; 20
Or such as but o'er feverish slumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.

Now meteors make enthusiast-wonder stare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall intranc'd! some wizard's lawless skill 25
Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will!
Thus History, by machine, mock-epic, seems,
Not from poetic, but from monkish dreams.

The devil, who priest and forcerer must obey,
The forcerer us'd to raise, the parson lay, 30
When Echard wav'd his pen, the history shows,
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend uprose.

A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd; 35
Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:

Not a gay serpent, glittering to the eye;
But more than serpent, or than harlot fly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can scape,
The demon stands confest in proper shape! 40

Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.

Wondrous historian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see,— 45
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.

But dusky phantoms, Muse, no more pursue !
 Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
 Awful the genuine historian's name !
 False ones—with what materials build they fame ; 50
 Fabricks of fame, by dirty means made good,
 As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.
 Peace be with Curll—with him I wave all strife,
 Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life ;
 Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs, 55
 And lards with luscious rapes the cheats of Chartres.

Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
 Loose-strung, run glingling into History's name.
 Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies ;
 As thick as worms where man corrupting lies ; 60
 As pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd pile ;
 As monsters floundering in the muddy Nile ;
 Minutes, Memoirs, Views and Reviews appear,
 Where slander darkens each recorded year.
 In a past reign is feign'd some amorous league ; 65
 Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue :
 Queens, with their minions, work unseemly things,
 And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
 Does a prince die ? What poisons they surmise !
 No royal mortal sure by nature dies. 70
 Is a prince born ? What birth more base believ'd ?
 Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd !
 Thus slander popular o'er truth prevails,
 And easy minds imbibe romantic tales.
 Thus, 'stead of history, such authors raise 75
 Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.

Some

ON FALSE HISTORIANS. 295

Some usurp names—an English garreteer,
From Minutes forg'd, is Monsieur Mesnager*.

Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair: 80

Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their spring's unknown.

One statesman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will contested character ensue.

View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but scan, 85
He's angel: view him all—he's still a man.

But such historians all accuse, acquit;
No virtue these, and those no vice admit;

For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe. 90

Where hear-say knowledge sits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,

Spring party libels; from whose ashes dead,
A monster, misnam'd History, lifts its head.

Contending factions croud to hear its roar! 95
But when once heard, it dies to noise no more.

From these no answer, no applause from those,
O'er half they simmer, and o'er half they doze.

So when in senate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir in some deep debate; 100

U 4 He

* THE MINUTES OF MONS. MESNAGER; a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Mons. Mesnager, neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the title-page to be translated. SAVAGE.

He hems, looks wise, tunes thin his labouring throat,
 To prove black white, postpone or palm the vote:
 In sly contempt, some, Hear him ! Hear him ! cry;
 Some yawn, some sneer ; none second, none reply.

But dare such miscreants now rush abroad, 105,
 By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
 Dare they imp falsehood thus, and plume her wings,
 From present characters and recent things?

Yes: What untruths! or truths in what disguise!
 What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise! 110

What facts from all but them and Slander screen'd!
 Here meets a council, no where else conven'd;
 There, from originals, come, thick as spawn,
 Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
 To secret conference never held they yoke, 115

Treaties ne'er plann'd, and speeches never spoke.
 From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
 Like Sin from Satan's far and wide they go.

In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit;
 In vain with truth confute, condemn with wit: 120
 Confute, condemn, amid selected friends;
 There sinks the justice, there the satire ends,
 Here, though a century scarce such leaves uncloze,
 From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.

Now none reply where all despise the page; 125
 But will dumb scorn deceive no future age?

Then, should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
 Will no fine pen th' unanswer'd lie extract?

Well-set in plan, and polish'd into stile,
 Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile; 130
 By

By every language snatch'd, by time receiv'd,
 In every clime, by every age believ'd :
 How vain to virtue trust the great their name,
 When such their lot for infamy or fame ?

A

C H A R A C T E R.

FAIR Truth, in courts where Justice should preside,
 Alike the Judge and Advocate would guide ;
 And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
 To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear ;
 Were all, like Yorke, of delicate address, 5
 Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
 Learn'd, just, polite, born every heart to gain,
 Like Cummins mild ; like * Fortescue humane,
 All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
 So deep, so clear, all Science is his own. 10

Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
 In history, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread ;
 How far unlike such worthies, once a drudge,
 From floundering in low cases, rose a Judge.
 Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense thunders,
 And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders.

His

* The honourable William Fortescue, Esq; one of the
 Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
 Nor e'er * "one uncorrupted finger shows."
 See, drunk with power, the circuit-lord exprest!
 Full, in his eye, his betters stand confest; 20
 Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so loose,
 'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuse.
 Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
 There, swift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
 Contest stops short, Consent yields every cause 25
 To Cost; Delay, endures them, and withdraws.
 But how 'scape prisoners? To their trial chain'd,
 All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd.
 Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
 Prejudg'd with insult, wonderous pity draws. 30
 But 'scapes e'en Innocence his harsh harangue?
 Alas!—e'en Innocence itself must hang;
 Must hang to please him, when of spleen possess'd;
 Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest.

Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd, 35
 When fine, tax, censure, all but law prevail'd;
 Or law, subservient to some murderous will,
 Became a precedent to murder still?
 Yet ev'n when patriots did for traitors bleed,
 Was e'er the jobb to such a slave decreed, 40
 Whose savage mind wants sophist-art to draw,
 O'er murder'd virtue, spacious veils of law?

Why, Student, when the bench your youth admits;
 Where, though the worst, with the best rank'd he sits;
 Where

* When Page one uncorrupted finger shows.

D. of WHARTON.

EPITAPH ON MRS. JONES. 299

Where sound opinions you attentive write, 45
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite,
Why pause you scornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks, and well report.
Let his own words against himself point clear
Satire more sharp than verse when most severe. 50

E P I T A P H

ON MRS. JONES,

Grandmother to Mrs. BRIDGET JONES, of Llanelly
in Caermarthenshire.

IN her, whose relicks mark this sacred earth,
Shone all domestic and all social worth:
First, heaven her hope with early offspring crown'd;
And thence a second race rose numerous round.
Heaven to industrious virtue blessing lent, 5
And all was competence, and all content.

Though frugal care, in Wisdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preserve what industry requir'd;
Yet, at her board with decent plenty blest,
The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest. 10
Prest on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence severe?
Farewel the friend, who spar'd th' assistant loan—
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.

Did

Did piteous lazars oft attend her door? 15
 She gave—farewel the parent of the poor.
 Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now fighting swell,
 Blefs her lov'd name, and weep a last farewel.

V A L E N T I N E ' S D A Y .

A P O E M .

A D D R E S S E D

T O A Y O U N G W I D O W L A D Y .

A D I E U, ye rocks that witness'd once my flame,
 Return'd my sighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
 Cambria, farewel!—my Chloe's charms no more
 Invite my steps along Llanelly's shore;
 There no wild dens conceal voracious foes, 5
 The beach no fierce, amphibious monster knows;
 No crocodile there flesh'd with prey appears,
 And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
 No false hyæna, feigning human grief,
 There murders him, whose goodness means relief: 10
 Yet tides, conspiring with unfaithful ground,
 Though distant seen, with treacherous arms, surround.
 There quicksands, thick as beauty's snares, annoy,
 Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, destroy.
 I watch'd the seas, I pac'd the sands with care, 15
 Escap'd, but wildly rush'd on beauty's snare.

Ah!

Ah!—better far, than by that snare overpow'rd,
Had sands engulf'd me, or had seas devour'd.

Far from that shore, where syren-beauty dwells,
And wraps sweet ruin in resistless spells; 20
From Cambrian plains; which Chloe's lustre boast,
Me native England yields a safer coast.

Chloe, farewell!—Now seas, with boisterous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide:

Yet while each plant, which vernal youth resumes, 25
Feels the green blood ascend in future blooms;
While little feather'd songsters of the air
In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The Muse exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing Loves the swelling notes inspire. 30

Sure on this day, when hope attains success,
Bright Venus first did young Adonis bless.
Her charms not brighter, Chloe, sure than thine;
Though flush'd his youth, not more his warmth than
mine.

Sequester'd far within a myrtle grove, 35
Whose blooming bosom courts retiring love;
Where a clear sun, the blue serene displays,
And sheds, through vernal air, attemper'd rays;
Where flowers their aromatic incense bring,
And fragrant flourish in eternal spring; 40
There mate to mate each dove responsive coos,
While this assents, as that enamour'd woos,
There rills amusive, send from rocks around,
A solitary, pleasing, murmuring sound;

Then

Then form a limpid lake. The lake serene 45
 Reflects the wonders of the blissful scene.
 To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
 And on each breeze immortal music floats.
 There seated on a rising turf is seen,
 Graceful, in loose array, the Cyprian queen; 50
 All fresh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
 The goddess, rising from the azure wave;
 Dishevel'd locks distil celestial dew,
 And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuse.
 Her voice so charms, the plummy, warbling throngs, 55
 In listening wonder lost, suspend their songs.
 It sounds—"Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
 "Why loiters my Adonis;"—rocks reply.
 "Oh, come away!"—they thrice, repeating, say;
 And Echo thrice repeats,—“Oh, come away!”— 60
 Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears;
 Who, instant at th' enchanting call, appears.
 Her placid eye, where sparkling joy refines,
 Benignant, with alluring lustre shines.
 His locks, which, in loose ringlets, charm the view, 65
 Float careless, lucid from their amber hue.
 A myrtle wreath her rosy fingers frame,
 Which, from her hand, his polish'd temples claim;
 His temples fair, a streaking beauty stains,
 As smooth white marble shines with azure veins. 70
 He kneel'd. Her snowy hand he trembling seiz'd,
 Just lifted to his lip, and gently squeez'd;
 The meaning squeeze return'd, love caught its lore
 And enter'd, at his palm, through every pore.

Then

Then swell'd her downy breasts, till then enclos'd, 75
 Fast heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd :
 Soft she reclines. He, as they fall and rise,
 Hangs, hovering o'er them, with enamour'd eyes,
 And, warm'd, grows wanton—As he thus admir'd,
 He pry'd, he touch'd, and with the touch was fir'd. 80
 Half-angry, yet half-pleas'd, her frown beguiles
 The boy to fear; but, at his fear, she smiles.
 The youth less timorous and the fair less coy,
 Supinely amorous they reclining toy.
 More amorous still his sanguine meaning stole 85
 In wistful glances, to her softening soul :
 In her fair eye her softening soul he reads :
 To freedom, freedom, boon, to boon, succeeds.
 With conscious blush, th' impassion'd charmer burns;
 And, blush for blush, th' impassion'd youth returns. 90
 They look, they languish, sigh with pleasing pain,
 And wish and gaze, and gaze and wish again.
 'Twixt her white, parting bosom steals the boy,
 And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy ;
 Through every vein the vigorous transport ran, 95
 Strung every nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
 Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, she pants,
 Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
 Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
 Fond limbs with limbs, in amorous folds, entwine. 100
 Lips press on lips, caressing and carest,
 Now eye darts flame to eye, and breast to breast.
 All she resigns, as dear desires incite,
 And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.

Her

Her waist compress'd in his exulting arms, 105
 He storms, explores, and rifles all her charms;
 Clasps in ecstatic bliss th' expiring fair,
 And, thrilling, melting, nestling, riots there.

How long the rapture lasts, how soon it fleets,
 How oft it pauses, and how oft repeats; 110
 What joys they both receive and both bestow,
 Virgins may guess, but wives experienc'd know:
 From joys, like these, (ah, why deny'd to me?)
 Sprung a fresh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
 May he, a new Adonis, lift his crest, 115
 In all the florid grace of youth confess!

First let him learn to lisp your lover's name,
 And, when he reads, here annual read my flame.
 When beauty first shall wake his genial fire,
 And the first tingling sense excite desire; 120
 When the dear object, of his peace possess,
 Gains and still gains on his unguarded breast:
 Then may he say, as he this verse reviews,
 So my bright mother charm'd the poet's Muse.
 His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear, 125
 Lighten'd with hope, and sadden'd with despair,
 Say, on some rival did she smile too kind?
 Ah, read—what jealousy distracts his mind!
 Smil'd she on him? He imagin'd rays divine,
 And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine. 130
 How dwelt her praise upon his raptur'd tongue!
 Ah!—when she frown'd, what plaintive notes he sung!
 And could she frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!
 On him, whose only crime was loving well?

Thus

Thus may thy son his pangs with mine compare,
Then wish his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may love the myrtle wreath entwine;
Though the sad willow suits a woe like mine!
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
Ah! never sigh and bleed, like me in vain!— 140

When death affords that peace which love denies,
Ah, no!—far other scenes my fate supplies;
When earth to earth my lifeless corse is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypress shade:
When pale I flit along the dreary coast, 145
An helpless lover's pining plaintive ghost;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
May you, my fair, when you these strains shall see,
Just spare one sigh, one tear, to love and me, 150
Me, who, in absence or in death, adore
Those heavenly charms I must behold no more.

T O

JOHN POWELL, Esq.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

IN me long absent, long with anguish fraught,
In me, though silence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet memory lives, and calls the Muse's aid,
To snatch our friendship from oblivion's shade.

As soon the sun shall cease the world to warm, 5
 As soon Llanelly's * Fair that world to charm,
 As grateful sense of goodness, true like thine,
 Shall e'er desert a breast so warm as mine.

When imag'd Cambria strikes my memory's eye,
 (Cambria, my darling scene!) I, sighing, cry, 10
 Where is my Powell? dear associate!—where?
 To him I would unbosom every care;
 To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
 Gall'd in a plighted, faithless virgin's chain.
 At length, from her ungenerous fetters, freed, 15
 Again he loves! he woos! his hopes succeed!
 But the gay bridegroom, still by fortune cross'd,
 Is, instant, in the weeping widower lost.
 Her, his sole joy! her from his bosom torn,
 What feeling heart, but learns, like his, to mourn? 20
 Can nature then, such sudden shocks, sustain?
 Nature thus struck, all reason pleads in vain!
 Though late, from reason yet he draws relief,
 Dwells on her memory; but dispels his grief.
 Love, wealth, and fame (tyrannic passions all!) 25
 No more enflame him, and no more enthrall.
 He seeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
 Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
 But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
 His wisdom courts that ease his worth obtains. 30
 Would private jars, which sudden rise, encrease?
 His candour smiles all discord into peace.

To

• Mrs. Bridget Jones.

To party storms is public weal resign'd ?
 Each steady patriot-virtue steers his mind.
 Calm, on the beach, while maddening billows rave, 35
 He gains philosophy from every wave ;
 Science, from every object round, he draws ;
 From various nature, and from nature's laws.
 He lives o'er every past historic age ;
 He calls forth ethics from the fabled page. 40
 Him evangelic truth, to thought excites ;
 And him, by turns, each classic Muse delights.
 With wit well-natur'd ; wit, that would disdain
 A pleasure rising from another's pain ;
 Social to all, and most of blifs possess, 45
 When most he renders all, around him, blest :
 To unread 'squires illiterately gay ;
 Among the learn'd, as learned full as they ;
 With the polite, all, all-accomplish'd ease,
 By nature form'd, without deceit, to please. 50
 Thus shines thy youth ; and thus my friend, elate
 In blifs as well as worth, is truly great.
 Me still should ruthless fate, unjust, expose
 Beneath those clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes ;
 Me, to some nobler sphere, should fortune raise, 55
 To wealth conspicuous, and to laurel'd praise ;
 Unalter'd yet be love and friendship mine ;
 I still am Chloe's, and I still am thine.

LONDON AND BRISTOL

* D E L I N E A T E D.

TWO sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And these from commerce different honours claim.

What different honours shall the Muses pay,
While one inspires and one untunes the lay?

Now silver Isis brightening flows along, 5
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song;
Then weds with Tame; and these, O London, see
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unfullied Thames, meandering glides
And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides. 10

Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glittering pomp, strike wondering China's eye;
And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants, India's eastern freight.
India, her treasures from her western shores, 15
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus shine thy manly sons of liberal mind;
Thy change deep-busied, yet as courts refin'd; 20
Councils,

• The author preferr'd this title to that of LONDON
AND BRISTOL COMPARED; which, when he began the
Piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Councils, like senates, that enforce debate,
 With fluent eloquence and reason's weight.
 Whose patriot virtue, lawless power controls;
 Their British emulating Roman souls.
 Of these the worthiest still selected stand, 25
 Still lead the senate, and still save the land:
 Social, not selfish, here, O Learning, trace
 Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
 In a dark bottom funk, O Bristol now,
 With native malice, lift thy lowering brow! 30
 Then as some hell-born sprite in mortal guise,
 Borrows the shape of goodness and belies,
 All fair, all smug, to yon proud hall invite,
 To feast all strangers ape an air polite!
 From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast, 35
 Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast!
 Revere, or seem the stranger to revere;
 Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere;
 Insidious now, our bosom-secrets steal,
 And these with sly sarcastic sneer reveal. 40
 Present we meet thy sneaking treacherous smiles;
 The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles;
 Such as in thee all parts superior find,
 The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
 When melting pity would afford relief, 45
 The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.
 What friendship canst thou boast? what honours claim?
 To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name.
 What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite!
 Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight; 50
 From

From whom eternal mutual railing flows ;
 Who in each other's crimes, their own expose :
 Thy sons, though crafty, deaf to wisdom's call ;
 Despising all men, and despis'd by all ;
 Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves, 55
 Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
 Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense,
 As full of turbulence as void of sense ?
 Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn !
 Thy natives sure would prove a senate's scorn. 60
 Do strangers deign to serve thee ; what their praise ?
 Their generous services thy murmurs raise.
 What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
 Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
 And, as he glides, there scatters in a trice 65
 The lurking seeds of every rank device ?
 Let foreign youths to thy indentures run !
 Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,
 Proud, pert, and dull—though brilliant once from
 schools,
 Will scorn all learning's as all virtue's rules ; 70
 And, though by nature friendly, honest, brave,
 Turn a sly, selfish, simpering, sharpening knave.
 Boast petty-courts, where 'stead of fluent-ease,
 Of cited precedents and learned pleas ;
 'Steal of sage counsel in the dubious cause, 75
 Attornies, chattering wild, burlesque the laws—
 (So shameless quacks, who doctors rights invade,
 Of jargon and of poison form a trade.

LONDON AND BRISTOL, &c. 317

So canting cobblers, while from tubs they teach,
 Buffoon the gospel they pretend to preach.) 80
 Boast petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
 Unknown to Nature's and to Statute-law;
 Quirks that explain all saving rights away,
 To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
 Is there where law too rigorous may descend, 85
 Or charity her kindly hand extend?
 Thy courts, that, shut when pity would redress,
 Spontaneous open to inflict distress.
 Try misdemeanours!—all thy wiles employ,
 Not to chastise th' offender, but destroy; 90
 Bid the large lawless fine his fate foretel;
 Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell;
 Cut off from service due to kindred blood,
 To private welfare and to public good,
 Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies; 95
 Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
 Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
 Boast nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
 Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms. 100
 Boast

Boast thy base * Tolfey, and thy turn-spit dogs,
 Thy † Halliers horses and thy human hogs;
 Upstarts and mushrooms, proud, relentless hearts;
 Thou blank of sciences! thou dearth of arts!
 Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see! 105
 Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.

Proceed, great Bristol, in all-righteous ways,
 And let one Justice heighten yet thy praise;
 Still spare the catamite, and swinge the whore,
 And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before. 110

* A place where the merchants used to meet to transact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. XIII. p. 496.

† Halliers are the persons who drive or own the sledges, which are here used instead of carts.

END OF SAVAGE'S POEMS.



CON-

C O N T E N T S

O F

S A V A G E'S P O E M S.

	Page
D EDICATION to the Wanderer- -	117
The WANDERER - -	121
Preface to the Bastard - -	197
The BASTARD - - -	199
On Lady Tyrconnel - - -	203
To Sir R. Walpole - - -	207
Volunteer Laureats - -	215-231
Of Public Spirit - - -	232
To Mr. John Dyer - -	244
Verfes to Aaron Hill - -	247
Prologue to Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth	248
The Animalcule - -	249
To Mrs. Haywood - -	252
Vol. XLI. Y	Apology

	Page
Apology to Brillante - -	254
Epistle to Mrs. Oldfield - -	255
On Mr. Hill's Gideon - -	257
To Lady Rochford - - -	259
To Miranda, Confort of Aaron Hill -	261
Verfes to a young Lady - -	262
The Gentleman - - -	263
Character of Mr. Foster - -	264
The Poet's Dependance - -	266
Epistle to Damon and Delia - -	269
To Mifs M. H. with Mr. Pope's Works	271
On a Lady's Recovery - -	272
The Friend - - -	274
Epistle to Mr. Dyer - -	278
On the Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, presented to a living, }	280
Fulvia - - -	281
Epitaph on a young Lady - -	283
Genius of Liberty - -	284
Lines of Buchanan paraphrafed -	287
The	

SAVAGE'S POEMS.

315

Page

The Employment of Beauty	-	288
To Mrs. Jones	-	291
On False Historians	-	293
A Character	-	297
Epitaph on Mrs. Jones	-	299
Valentine's Day	-	300
To John Powell, Esq.	-	305
London and Bristol Delineated	-	308

END OF VOLUME XLI.

SAVAGE'S FORMS.

Page

1	The Importance of History
2	Mr. Jones
3	Mr. Smith
4	Mr. Brown
5	Mr. White
6	Mr. Black
7	Mr. Green
8	Mr. Grey
9	Mr. Gold
10	Mr. Silver
11	Mr. Copper
12	Mr. Iron
13	Mr. Lead
14	Mr. Zinc
15	Mr. Tin
16	Mr. Nickel
17	Mr. Cobalt
18	Mr. Nickel
19	Mr. Nickel
20	Mr. Nickel



